

McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

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NO. 43

DIED FROM ARSENICAL POISONING

Is the Verdict of Coroner's Jury in the Denison Case.

AN INVESTIGATION WILL BE MADE

Verdict Rendered Monday Afternoon—In Accordance With Chemist's Report—Medicine All Right.

Smethport now has a murder mystery to be solved. The verdict rendered last Monday afternoon by the coroner's jury as to the cause of the death of James O. Denison, who died at his home on King street, this borough, on the 27th of September, leaves the good people with a murder mystery which may be difficult to solve, if it is ever solved.

The report of the Buffalo chemist who analyzed the contents of the vital organs of the late Mr. Denison and samples of the medicine prescribed for and taken by him proved beyond a reasonable doubt that death was due to arsenical poisoning. The stomach and urine were found to contain arsenic, the urine containing more than the stomach. In the medicine analyzed only the slightest traces of arsenic could be found and these traces are always found in this medicine.

The coroner's jury met at the office of B. L. Knapp at 5 o'clock Monday afternoon and after hearing the report sent by the analytical chemist rendered a verdict in accordance with the testimony. The verdict follows:

INCIDENTS.

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, vs. McKean County.

An inquisition indicted and taken at Smethport in the county of McKean, the 20th and 30th days of September and October 3rd, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and four, before me, B. L. Knapp, a justice of the Peace in and for the county aforesaid, acting coroner, (B. H. Hall, coroner of said county, being out of the state) upon the view of the body of James O. Denison (then and there lying dead, upon the path of G. W. Mitchell, W. F. Specht, J. A. McKean, H. L. Backus, T. H. Purdie, and E. W. Jones, good and lawful men of the county aforesaid, who being sworn to enquire, on the part of the Commonwealth, when, where, how, and after what manner the said James O. Denison came to his death at Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on September 27th, A. D. 1904, at 8:15 o'clock p. m. from arsenical poisoning administered by some person or persons to the jury unknown.

B. L. Knapp, J. P., Acting Coroner.
Geo. W. Mitchell, Foreman.
W. F. Specht.
James A. McKean.
Harry L. Backus.
T. H. Purdie.
E. W. Jones.

This ends the duties of the coroner and coroner's jury and it now remains for the district attorney to find out who administered the arsenic to the deceased and if it was administered by other hands than his own commence prosecution. Few who know Mr. Denison believe that he took his own life and the general belief in this community is that a willful murder has been committed. The evidence so far as made public is not sufficient to even make an arrest but we hope that a careful investigation will be made and the mystery cleared up.

The Boys Discharged.

Last Monday afternoon a couple of followers or preachers of the Gospel Workers, or as they are commonly termed, the Holy Rollers, came down from Hazlehurst and swore out a warrant for four young men of that place whom they alleged had disturbed their meetings. Constable Jones went up to Hazlehurst and placed three of the four under arrest—the other not being found. They gave bail for their appearance before Justice Knapp yesterday morning. At 10 o'clock the hearing was started and from all reports the testimony was most interesting. It was shown that one follower of these Gospel Workers came to their meeting place one night dressed in one of his wife's gowns and carrying a bottle of spirits. He got upon the platform and preached a short sermon and then left for home. There he got upon the top of the house and crowded like a rooster.

Others told of the Workers having "the power" and doing numerous stunts more or less exciting. The prosecutors were unable to identify the young men under arrest and Justice Knapp decided there was not evidence to hold them and they were discharged. The Holy Rollers have a hard time getting justice in this county but—perhaps they are lucky.

Smethport will give Weaver a handsome complimentary vote.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Hon. H. H. Hull of Bath, N. Y., was attacked with paralysis about three weeks ago and died Thursday, June 8, 1876. He was for a quarter of a century the editor of the Bath Courier, and was one of the most able and distinguished members of the country press of that State.

A happy party met at the residence of Eben Gallup, in Keating township, at 11 o'clock Tuesday, June 5, 1876, to witness the union of Mr. Warley Gifford and Miss Emma Gallup. We know that it was a happy party, for we were so fortunate as to witness the "second off" of the new bride and groom at Larabee station and to all appearances the cup of joy of the entire party seemed full to overflowing. The ceremony was performed by Rev. O. J. Rose, after which the invited guests sat down to an excellent and elegant dinner, which being heartily discussed, Mr. and Mrs. Warley Gifford set forth at once and the same time upon their journey of life and a trip to the centennial exhibition.

To those who are acquainted with the parties this cannot but seem one of those fortunate matches that are said to be "made in Heaven," combining upon the one side all that is honorable, upright and manly, and upon the other that purity of character and sweetness of disposition so charming in a perfect woman, cemented by the bonds of a perfect, trusting, patient and all enduring love. It is the unselfish wish of a host of friends that the choicest blessings of Heaven may ever attend the young couple so happily and auspiciously mated for life.

A sad accident occurred Saturday, June 3, 1876, on the Buffalo, Bradford and Pittsburg railway, near Bradford borough, resulting in the death of Chas. Schoolmaster, a brakeman on the road. He was crushed between two cars while engaged in adjusting the coupling. The tragic character of the accident was enhanced by the fact that it took place directly in front of his own house and in full view of one or two members of his family. Their horror and grief can be better imagined than described, more especially as he was a young man of most estimable character, steady, industrious and energetic, and respected by all who knew him. The coroner's inquest resulted in a verdict of accidental death.

Hon. L. Rogers, H. V. Redfield and the editor of the MINER started Monday, June 12, 1876, for Cincinnati to attend the Republican National convention in that city. Mr. Rogers goes as one of the Pennsylvania delegates to the convention; Mr. Redfield as the representative of the Cincinnati Commercial, and Mr. Barbour as the representative of the MINER also, as he remarked upon leaving, to endeavor to remove the impression in the minds of the delegates that he is a candidate for the Presidential nomination. When they return we can announce the name of the next President.

It has come to be a well known fact that parties who are married in Smethport, or who marry Smethport girls, are pretty certain of a continued happy and prosperous union. We dare not assert that Mr. Sumner E. Orr of Warren and Mrs. Nett Hall, also of Warren, but formerly of Smethport, had this fact in view. At all events they were married here Thursday evening, June 8, 1876, at the residence of A. B. Armstrong, by Rev. O. J. Rose, and are thus entitled to all the benefits mentioned above as incident upon a Smethport "send-off" and a Smethport girl. After the ceremony the Smethport Cornet Band gave the bridal couple the honor of an evening serenade, making the occasion one long to be remembered by all participants.

Thursday morning, June 8, 1876, the fire fiend visited the mill owned by Messrs. Wainman and Foster, in Eldred township, near Larabee, on the Allegheny river, and in a short time converted to ashes from \$10,000 to \$15,000 worth of property. Together with the mill some 700,000 feet of sawed lumber, with the exception of about 25,000 feet that was thrown in the river, was totally destroyed. We understand that the mill was the joint property of the firm, but that the lumber was owned by T. O. Wainman, who is living at present in Portville. It was a sad loss to both gentlemen, as there was no insurance on either the mill or the lumber. There are no more honorable square dealing business men in the county and they have the hearty sympathy of the entire community.

Desirable Building Lots.

I have several very desirable building lots in this borough which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or easy payments. For particulars call on or address Harry L. Backus, MINER office.

S. D. Weaver desires your vote. See that he gets it.

Joy of the Household.

The best broom ever offered for 25c at Holmes & Gifflian's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Normandy C. L. S. C. Meeting.

At the regular meeting of Normandy C. L. S. C. on Monday evening, Oct. 31st, the following program was rendered:

Roll Call—"Facts and Quotations concerning Halloween."
Paper—"Bach, A German Master Musician," Mrs. Walker.
Lesson—"Chap. IV, 'The French Revolution,'" Mrs. Bisset.
Current Events—By members of the Circle.

Reading—"First Chapters of Crawford," Miss Fleming.

At the close of the program the executive committee served nuts and apples, after which the president, Mrs. Brownell, invited the members and guests to her home where they were met by a witch who conducted them to the dining room where she served a "cold luncheon." Instead of serving the refreshments above board, they were passed from hand to hand under the table and caused much fear and merriment. When seen by the eye later they proved no more awe inspiring than ice cold marbles, hot potatoes, stuffed birds, toy mice, gelatine and birdcages usually are. The last course was doughnuts and coffee served in orthodox style.

The evening was both profitable and pleasant and was only one of the many pleasant evenings spent by Chautauquans in Smethport.

Fatal Accident to Child.

An awful, agonizing accident happened at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dudley on Brooklyn side early Thursday morning in which little Carl, youngest baby boy of the family, lost his life. His mother went to the well for water leaving the two little boys in the room. She wasn't away from them hardly long enough to be called an absence, but in that time Carl had stuck a paper in the stove and with the burning paper had set fire to his clothes, light fabric that finished up almost like powder. The screams of the children hurried the mother in and the flames were quickly quenched, but the little fellow was awfully burned. The flesh was practically cooked on his limbs and he had inhaled the fire and smoke. Dr. Cook was summoned by telephone and was quickly at the side of the suffering boy. Anesthetics were given and the sufferings of the little fellow greatly relieved, but he died two hours later. He was an extremely bright and winsome little youngster—Port Allegany Reporter.

Killed by Explosion.

A gas explosion occurred in the Bolivar-Brook office Tuesday morning in which Miss Bernice Palmer, a compositor, was so severely burned that she died from her injuries at 10 o'clock that evening. Her injuries were of a frightful nature. The clothing from her waist up was burned from her body and her face and hands were terribly burned. Miss Palmer was 19 years of age and resided with her parents in Bolivar.

The force of the explosion blew out one side of the building and the office was set on fire, but the flames were extinguished without a great deal of damage to the plant. At this writing we are unable to learn the cause of the explosion but suppose it was caused by escaping gas from some unknown source. Brother Herriock and the relatives of the unfortunate young lady have the sincere sympathy of the MINER in this their hour of misfortune.

Sousa's El Capitan.

The comic opera, El Capitan, March King Sousa's best work, will be presented at the Lyceum Monday evening, Nov. 7th, by a strong company, headed by the talented young comedian, Mr. Harry Carter, who will appear in the role made famous by DeWolf Hopper. A duplicate of the original production has been secured, complete down to the smallest detail, and the performance will be an adequate one in every respect. After a "silly season" of so-called musical comedy, a genuine comic opera should be hailed with delight by every theatregoer. The supporting company is a large one, numbering 40 people. Large and delighted audiences have been the rule during the season.

Medical Society Meeting.

The annual meeting of the McKean County Medical Society was held last evening at the office of Dr. A. M. Straight in the Dikeman building, with a large attendance of members. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Dr. John Clark of Smethport; secretary and treasurer, re-elected, Dr. John C. Brown of Smethport; censor, Dr. McCoy. In addition to the above named officers and the local physicians, Drs. Knapp and Hayes of Kane, were in attendance at the session. The next meeting of the society will be conducted in Bradford on Tuesday, Dec. 6.—Wednesday's Bradford Era.

Don't take chances on losing a friend by asking him to loan you his gun when we will rent you a first-class one for the small amount of \$50 per day.

Holmes & Gifflian.

Be loyal to our home candidate, Dell Weaver.

REPUBLICAN MEETING AT BRADFORD

It Was Held at the Bradford Theatre Monday Evening.

CONGRESSMAN DALZELL A SPEAKER

He Punctured Many Democratic Fallacies—Col. Ned Arden Flood and Hon. Wm. Beckner Deliver Forceful Addresses.

From Tuesday's Bradford Era. We glean the following: The campaign in McKean county, which has not been remarkable for its strenuousness, was brought practically to a close with a big mass meeting last night at the New Bradford Theatre, under the auspices of the Republican committee. Hon. John Dalzell of Pittsburg, a Representative in Congress, Col. Ned Arden Flood of Mendonville, a brilliant young orator, and Col. William Beckner of Kentucky, a former Congressman, were the speakers of the evening. Representing three distinct styles of oratory and possessing characteristic individualism, they expounded the precepts and principles of the Republican party in a masterly manner, entertaining and instructing their hearers for a period of over two hours. Aside from the presence of the Big Four band, the meeting was entirely devoid of the usual accessories of political demonstrations and the citizens seemed to welcome the absence of red fire and processions.

The pulpit and balcony of the theatre were comfortably filled and there was a sprinkling of auditors in the gallery. Owing to the special rates on the Erie, B. & P. and E. & K. there was a large representation from the suburban districts, Kane, Smethport and intermediate points, sending about 300 representatives to Bradford.

County Chairman Fulton called the meeting to order and in a brief manner introduced the permanent chairman, T. B. Clark. The members of the press were nominated as secretaries of the meeting, and the county committeemen of the different districts were appointed vice presidents.

Hon. John Dalzell of Pittsburg, was the first speaker. He is a straightforward matter-of-fact speaker devoid of affectation but holds the close attention of his audience by brilliant arguments and convincing proofs. Last night he said that he was glad of the opportunity of speaking in such a handsome opera house and in the home city of Hon. S. R. Dreiser. "Live," said the speaker, "in Pittsburg, which for years has nurtured Republican principles, giving to Lincoln a majority of 10,000 and which will roll up a majority of 60,000 for Theodore Roosevelt." In a neat manner he paid an appropriate compliment to the ladies present, there being over 100 in the house, and then began an exposition of the aims of the protective tariff and the benefits which have resulted, presenting perhaps the most lucid and concise argument in behalf of the McKinley and Dingley bills that has ever been given in any public meeting in Bradford. "The record of the Republican party," said Mr. Dalzell, "is an open book, giving coloring to the history of the world. It stands for free speech, a free press, free homes and free men; one flag and one law of freedom. It reconstructed a broken and despoiled republic, re-established the national honor and credit by paying the national debt and by the adoption of the protective policy gave to the country prosperity unexampled in the world's history." In a convincing manner he gave a summary of the commercial development of the West and of the yielding of the North, South, East and West with bands of steel, the net work of railways having been almost wholly constructed during Republican administrations. Protection was advocated by George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Webster and other great leaders of the past, said the speaker, and has been the policy of the government since the close of the Civil War, with the exception of the disastrous Cleveland administration. Every country in the world, excepting Great Britain, has adopted it. "This policy," continued Mr. Dalzell, "has many times multiplied the national wealth, yet the Democrats claim that it is robbery, a felony punishable by law. To overthrow this system means a national disaster. The tariff needs revision from time to time, but this change should be done by its friends and not by its enemies. Under the United States has become the wealthiest nation in the world, first in manufacturing, commerce and kindred industries."

He described the conditions that existed during the Cleveland regime, 1892-97, and of the misery endured by the working classes; the failure of the Wilson tariff bill to provide sufficient revenues for running the government, the deficit aggregating \$156,000,000, necessitating

the borrowing of \$250,000,000 at 4 per cent to tide over the affairs of the republic. "In this broad land of ours was heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of over 8,000,000 men looking for employment, mines, factories, shops and manufacturing industries, of nearly all kinds were closed down, the soup-houses becoming a prime factor throughout the country, when the immortal McKinley, by the votes of the people, took hold of the reins of government," said Mr. Dalzell. "Now we stand on the glittering heights of prosperity never attained by any nation, our home trade being equal to the aggregate international commerce of the world, reaching the enormous figure of \$28,000,000,000 in 1903." The trade figures as given by Mr. Dalzell showed the following conditions in 1903: Total exports, \$1,400,000,000; balance of trade in favor, \$400,000,000. The balance of trade for the seven years of the McKinley-Roosevelt administration shows a total of \$3,594,000,000 in our favor, as compared with but \$380,000,000 from Washington to McKinley. Mr. Dalzell gave a very clear elucidation of the trust question and of the attitude as regards it, taken by President Roosevelt. "Modern enterprises demand great aggregations of capital," continued the speaker, "and to destroy them utterly means that thousands of workmen would be thrown out of employment and foreign trusts would be substituted."

Mr. Dalzell has a poor opinion of Parker and in referring to him said that he would say but little about him, as there was but little to say. "He is ignorant and prejudiced on national questions and takes his untenable positions mainly through the advice of Dave Hill and Billy Sheehan. Never in its history has Democracy put forth a candidate for the Presidency so unqualified for the office," said the speaker. In concluding, Mr. Dalzell paid a warm tribute to President Roosevelt describing him as "A great leader of a great party; bold and sagacious; a man of brain and brawn; a scholar, author, soldier, statesman, a typical American who will take his place with the greatest." His concluding injunction was: "Vote the entire Republican ticket at least once on election day, and on the evening of Nov. 8, when the count is completed, it will be found that Pennsylvania has rolled up a majority of 350,000 for Roosevelt."

Col. Ned Arden Flood was next introduced, and in consequence of his previous addresses in Bradford, found instant favor with the audience. The speaker interspersed his remarks with humorous stories which served to put special emphasis on his conclusions and relieve the auditors from mentally juggling with statistics. In an eloquent manner he portrayed the present flourishing condition of the country, under Republican rule. "The sun never sets on territory over which the starry banner waves," said the speaker, "and if any person doubts the position of the United States among the world powers, let him but accept as evidence the testimony of the nations which are striving to overtake us in enterprise and commercialism. The prosperity of to-day was wrought by Republican principles, beginning at the overthrow of the Democratic theories and fallacies at the polls. The Democratic principles of yesterday are but the Democratic shams of to-day." In a brilliant manner he presented a resume of the principles of the two parties, an explanation of the recent pension order by President Roosevelt and of the inconsistent attitude of Parker, Bryan and other leaders of the Democracy. "The Democrats claim that their policies are safe and sane," said the speaker, "but I have failed as yet to see that they have had a single lucid interval." In conclusion, the speaker paid tribute to the party candidates, national and local, and eulogized the attainments and standard of Republicanism. Said Col. Flood, in finishing, "A wise man 'stands pat' on prosperity; a prudent man 'lets well enough alone.'"

Col. William Beckner, one of the best known Republican leaders of Kentucky, was the third and last speaker of the evening. The Colonel has been a member of Congress and has also occupied the bench in the Blue Grass State, which, with one or two exceptions, has remained almost hopelessly in the Democratic column. According to his statement, he is not a politician and "not enough of a public speaker to have a set speech," yet created considerable enthusiasm with his remarks on the political conditions existing in Kentucky. The Colonel comes from Democratic stock but of recent years he has acquired Republican tendencies and is a rock-ribbed follower of Roosevelt. He characterized Parker as a jumping jack, worked by Hill and Southerners who think slavery a divine institution. By way of showing Parker's inconsistency on the money question he related a story of a couple who desired to wed, which electrified the audience. "In Kentucky," said Col. Beckner, "they issue certificates to voters and unless armed with one of these a person is not allowed to cast his ballot. The Democrats visit the probable Republican voters, at least many of them, and paralyze them cer-

tificates, thus practically disfranchising the original holder. The Republican votes that are cast are not counted and in that manner the election of the Democratic aspirant is assured." The speaker stated that in the South, solid for Democracy, nothing has been done for labor, and instead of advocating a unity of States and Territories the Southerners are urging the Philippines to revolt. "Champ Clark, that fiery orator who threatened to cut a friend's throat from ear to ear, because the latter differed with him, is from my district," said the speaker, "and he is an excellent sample of the men who are leading the Democratic party."

In concluding the meeting R. B. Stone, Esq., proposed that a rising vote of thanks be tendered the speakers, which was done, following which three cheers were given with a will for the candidates of the Republican party.

A Wrong Impression.

Either by inference or misunderstanding, accidentally or intentionally, a few of the papers of the county are stating positively or giving the impression that the Bradford Typographical union has endorsed the candidacy of our esteemed fellow editor, Frank Potter, for county treasurer of the democratic ticket. This is not correct. We believe in the first place that the union is not a political organization and no doubt its rules would prevent it from formally endorsing the candidacy of any candidate for any party, but be that as it may, there can be no disputing the fact that the purpose of the resolution passed by the Typographical Union here, was to give Brother Potter "a good character" from the standpoint of organized labor and to give him a clear record as an employer of union men. There could be no objection to this in the least and none can gainsay his merit of their approval as an employer, but in justice to the union, and in fairness to both Mr. Weaver and Mr. Potter, we do not think the matter should be placed in a wrong light by claiming that the union printers endorsed a political candidate's nomination and expressed a preference for his election. On the face of it, such endorsement would be a menace to any union and be unfair to its members of all parties for it would not always be a Democratic candidate that was endorsed. The wisdom of declining to endorse the candidacy of any particular individual, is most obvious and the facts of the matter are that the Typographical Union did and would decline to do so. Mr. Potter should receive credit for his attitude toward union men in so far as he has deserved it, and that was what the resolutions adopted accorded him, as an employer, however, and not as a political candidate. He is undoubtedly not to blame for the wrong use made of the resolutions adopted by the union and the misconception of them, but his exchange editor has published articles in the News taken from other papers that have stated the case wrongly and therefore, instead of helping, will have a tendency to hinder Mr. Potter's campaign. In the meantime there isn't the slightest thing that can be said, or is said, against Dell Weaver by organized labor. Neither in public nor private life has he ever done anything that deserved or received criticism from them.—Bradford Star.

How to Mark a Ticket.

We have been informed that many voters do not understand how to vote a straight ticket this fall, and therefore we will try to explain away the trouble. The directions say "to vote a straight party ticket, mark a cross (x) in the square opposite the name of the party of your choice, in the first column," which is correct, but some voters are of the opinion that the column containing only the names of the parties does not count and therefore think they should mark in the column containing the Republican Presidential electors, instead of this column which is the first column and contains the following:

REPUBLICAN.	X
DEMOCRATIC.	
PROHIBITION.	
SOCIALIST.	
SOCIALIST LABOR.	
INDEPENDENCE.	

If voters will remember that the above comprises the first column, they should have no trouble voting a straight ticket. The above is the only mark necessary to vote a genuine Republican ticket.

If you should wish to vote a split ticket your ballot should be marked the same as the old ballot. First mark a cross in the square opposite the names of the presidential candidates for whom you desire to vote, which votes for all the presidential electors of these candidates, and then mark a cross in the square opposite the name of each person of your choice.

The Second Ice Yacht Race

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH
Copyright, 1904, by George Ethelbert Walsh

THE annual race for the \$100 prize and championship cup of the Upper river was over, and Harold Stetson was looking ruefully at his craft, which had just missed winning the coveted trophies. It was a bitter disappointment because the ice yacht he had built with such skill and labor was really the faster boat of the two, which had run neck and neck for the prize across a stretch of five miles of shimmering ice. For six months he had been preparing for the race, spending his odd moments in perfecting every little detail that might in the crucial moment decide the contest. In a fair trial and a fair field he had been confident of victory. Others had not shared this belief until they had seen the burst of speed which the ice king developed in the last mile of the race. Then Harold had sent her down the course with all the skill of good maneuvering, and the yacht had fairly leaped into the air, to skim merrily over rather than on the ice.

"Why, she only seemed to touch about every hundred feet," some one of the spectators exclaimed in admiration.

"I never saw her equal before," added another.

"The young fellow who owns her built her," they say, "volunteered a third critic. 'If so he'll take the prize next year.'"

"Well, it was too bad. By rights the prize should go to him. It wasn't fair. These remarks were pleasant to hear, but they did not change the condition of affairs. The race was lost—lost to him and won by one who did not need the money as Harold did.

Chetson Alton had not played fair, and none knew it better than the contestants for the prize. At the critical moment when the ice king was rushing down in a spurt which would have carried her to victory with a handsome margin Chetson had altered his course, changed it so that a collision was inevitable unless Harold was willing to sacrifice the race. It was a trick which the judges could not well define from their distant position. Chetson said that it was an accident. His willingness to confess and apologize made it impossible for Harold to protest.

A brave murmur might have kept on his course, some thought. "I wouldn't have veered an inch for him," remarked one. "He could have pushed into me, but I'd have the race."

This Harold also knew was within his rights, but there were reasons which he could not explain. The ice king had not been built primarily for a racer, nor exactly for a pleasure craft. It was modeled and built by Harold to help him in his winter's work on the Upper river. All through the winter when he governed the river by journeying up and down the stream carrying the products of the chase on his ice yacht to add from market.

To snail his yacht in a collision simply to maintain his rights or even to win the coveted prize was hardly good policy. It would have crippled him all winter in his work, and in the end caused him endless worry and loss of time and labor.

But on the other hand, the need of the \$100 in cash offered by the committee in charge of the race was imperative, and Harold had counted so confidently on it that he had, figuratively speaking, already spent it. The addition to the humble home which he and his aged mother occupied on the banks of the Upper river had been planned and talked about for a year. This addition was needed to keep out the cold and to make life more comfortable for the inmates.

One of the judges appeared at this moment and interrupted his train of bitter thoughts. "If you come down next year with a yacht you'll certainly win," he said warmly. "We all wanted to give the prize to you, but it was impossible. You had the right of way and could have stood on your course. You were certainly going fast enough to win by a long lead. It was too bad."

"Thank you," answered Harold, touched by the words. "And I'll try to come back next year with the same yacht-improved a little in speed."

Then, gathering his few things together, he started off on his homeward trip. It was a long run up the river, and night was coming on. But the wind was favorable and blowing a steady breeze. Ahead of him were a

dozen other boats heading up stream, too, all bound for home. The ice king brought up the rear of the pretty procession.

In half an hour Harold had passed all the boats in the procession except one. This craft was so far ahead that he doubted if it had been in the race. It was probably some craft belonging to one of the yacht clubs farther up the river and was making a solitary trip to some distant point.

Steadily, however, the ice king overhauled her, gaining so rapidly on her that Harold concluded that the owner of it was in no hurry to complete his journey. Fifteen minutes later, he studied the outline of the sail ahead and then muttered half aloud, "It's Chetson in the Snow Bunting!"

Immediately he felt the blood mounting to his forehead, and his eyes flashed. The winner of the prize was half a mile ahead of him and going in the same direction. Silently the ice king crept up on the boat ahead, and then Harold shouted:

"Hallo, Chetson! Let's have another race. If I can't beat you this time I'll take back all I said and thought!"

Chetson turned abruptly and saw his rival creeping upon him. His face darkened. There was no chance to evade the challenge.

"I'm only going a few miles farther, and then!"

"Oh, we don't need more than a few miles. I'll pass you before!"

These words stung, and the Snow Bunting was lashed up in the path of the wind and given the full benefit of its power. The ice king likewise shifted her course, a little, and the two scudded along at a rapid pace. The wind had gradually increased in the last half hour, and both boats labored and groined heavily under the strain imposed upon them.

The Snow Bunting was no inferior craft. It was a worthy rival to the ice king. It had been built by a noted constructor and designer, and it had all the modern improvements which money could purchase. Harold knew this and had been made aware of it in the race for the prize. But despite this he felt that his craft could outstep her.

So it proved in a short time. Inch by inch and foot by foot he gained on his adversary. But it was a close and long race. Both navigators were warned to the fray. Harold had tauntingly intimated that the race for the prize had not been a fair one. In the heat of the moment he had said that Chetson had deliberately threatened his boat to win the race by a foul.

All this rankled deep in the heart of Chetson, and Harold even felt the necessity of apologizing to himself for his words. "If I can't beat him now I can and will beat him!"

Pastor, and faster the boats flew, the wind, joining in the race by adding strength to the power which drove them onward. Town and village were passed in quick succession, and still they kept on their course. The ice king was a boat's length behind his rival, and then it hung on the flank of the Snow Bunting for two miles. Then it crept up and gradually pushed its nose even with its rival.

The sun had set, and darkness was falling over the river's surface, but not their navigators noticed the flight of time or the change in the landscape. They saw only each other and the white sails heaving out before the breeze. Neither spoke nor changed his position an inch.

They were some past all towns and villages, and the banks of the river were thick with dark, frowning ridges of woods and forests. Back from the river as far as the eyes could see there were broken woods, swamps and forest clad hills.

One or twice out of the shadows of the woods dark objects appeared, and in a subconscious way they felt rather than saw that wolves were rushing at them. But what fear had they for wolves or any other species of wild animal of the woods? No four-footed creature of field or forest could ever hope to keep pace with their yachts.

The ice king was now making one of its marvelous spurts of speed. It lifted itself by its sails clean from the ice, and for a long distance the runners seemed never to touch the surface. Its nose shot forward one, two, three, four, five feet, then a dozen feet, and in five minutes it was a boat length ahead and still increasing the lead.

Harold held his breath. His jubilation was now intense. His old animosity remained. He could not refrain from turning and smiling at his charged adversary. Then in taunting words he shouted: "No chance for a foul this time, Chetson! There's too clean a field. Smash me if you can!"

Chetson did not reply, and in the gloom Harold could not see his face. The Snow Bunting was already disappearing in the gloom, for darkness was all around, and it was impossible to see far ahead or over the stern. The sail and craft described a huge shapeless form on the river, and then she faded away.

But almost simultaneously with her disappearance there came a crash out of the darkness and a cry of fear or dismay. Harold tumbled his boat up in the wind and listened. He heard a queer noise from out of the darkness. Then he ran across the river and back again, sailing almost in the track of the race. But the river seemed empty, and the Snow Bunting had apparently disappeared. Fearful lest something had happened, Harold shouted: "There was a faint response, and then a growl and yelp of a wolf. It was a blood curdling yelp, followed quickly by another and then a human cry. Harold trembled with excitement and wonder. Suddenly out of the gloom ahead he caught sight of a huge, formless object on the ice. Instinctively he guessed its meaning. It was the broken mast and sail of the Snow Bunting piled in reckless disorder over the craft.

But beside it and tugging away at something near the sail were half a dozen dark bodies which he recognized as huge, hungry wolves. It was a critical moment, and for an instant Harold did not know how to act. He shouted loudly to frighten the wolves away, heading his boat directly for

them as if to run them down. The ice king was now sailing directly in the wind again, and she was clipping along at a speed which made the ice fly.

The wolves snarled and snapped, angrily regarding this great object flying toward them. But they did not retreat. They had run down one such creature and found it to be made of wood and cloth. What harm could there come, then, from this new one coming up, out of the darkness?

Their brief challenge, however, gave both Harold and Chetson a moment to think and breathe. The latter staggered to his feet and dragged himself to one side. Then a huge wolf leaped upon him again and pulled him sprawling to the ice. Harold shouted to frighten the beast, but it was up on the animal was hungry and savage.

Then in a moment Harold felt the inspiration of the moment and acted on

it. A man is poor when he has lost confidence in his friends, when people who are nearest to him do not believe in him, when his character is honeycombed by deceit, punctured by dishonesty. He is poor when he makes money at the expense of his character, when principle does not stand clear cut, when he is in danger of the worst kind of poverty. To be in the perilous position is not necessarily to be poor. If you have maintained your integrity, if your character stands foursquare to the world, if you have never bent the knee of principle to avarice, you are not poor, though you may be compared to beg bread—Orson Sweet Madden in Success.

Salvation With the Language. A story is told of a German teacher at an American girls' college who was not thoroughly acquainted with the English language and the change story had not helped her in solving the puzzle. She had heard the girls talk about going off on fairs. Returning one day from a picnic she said to some of the girls: "Oh, I have been on such a canvas."

She started her class one day by complaining against some of the cold days of September, saying: "Why, it was so cold one day I had to stay in my room all the morning and sit with my feet over the transom trying to keep warm."

Salvation With Food. Fourteen-year-old Emma, who had come home from her first day's schooling in elementary physiology, was questioned by her parents as to what she had learned.

"Papa," she complained, "I don't think I like physiology."

"Why not, my dear?"

"Well, teacher was explaining digestion to us today, and she said we had to mix salivation with every mouthful of food!"—Harper's Weekly.

But He Meant Well. The good man was comforting the stricken widow.

"Do not grieve, sister," said he. "Think how much better off he is."

"And the children, who had why was we left to be comforted by him?"—Brownie's Magazine.

When the prow of the ice king was within half an inch of the wreck it veered sharply to the left, swinging the craft around so fiercely that the runners actually became entangled in some of the rigging. But the sharp, steel shod runners cut the small ropes in two and spun on their way over the surface of smooth ice. In that brief instant, however, Harold had stretched forth a hand and grasped Chetson by the leg. There was a quick gasp, a groan, and then the ice king cleared the wreck and rushed on her way.

Harold clung to the leg of Chetson and slowly pulled him toward the yacht. In the sudden change of affairs the big wolf had been shaken from his hold and was now wildly running in pursuit of his disappearing prey. But not so the two other big wolves that had boldly challenged the approaching craft. They had leaped upon it as the yacht swept past them.

When they came in the dim light, covering with fear and dread, on the forward part of the yacht. The unexpected speed which carried them along had robbed them of all anger and spirit. They crouched closely to the boat, uttering low whines and snarls, but not daring to move forward or jump from the flying craft.

When Chetson was securely pulled on the ice king, Harold saw his two passengers in the front, and for a moment he thought they were ready to spring upon them. But when he saw their craven fear he laughed.

"Look, Chetson! Isn't that sign worth all our danger? Did you ever see such frightened animals?"

In spite of his wounds Chetson joined in the laugh, but the noise made by their brought matters to a sudden climax. Both wolves darted from their perch and fell headlong on the ice, where they rolled over and over, while the ice yacht sped on through the darkness at fifty miles an hour.

They never heard another ice yacht, but it was Harold's exclamation. "No chance for a foul and now I'm a party and wrecked!"

"Probably not so," answered Harold. "We'll go back in the morning and get it up," replied Harold.

to go home with me tonight, and in the morning I'll help you rig it up again."

With the second race thus happily ended, the bitterness between them was forgotten, and later when Harold finished rigging up the Snow Bunting, Chetson insisted upon sending word to make the addition to his home as a fair payment in return. As for the next cup race—well, they're both looking forward to it this winter.

A Cracked Derby Hat. If you are ever unfortunate enough to smash a new derby hat, so that it cracks and in spite of rigorous rubbing and brushing refuses to resume its pristine smoothness of surface, try the simple expedient of holding a lighted match inside the hat close to the broken spot. By the time the match has half burned out you will find that the hat has become soft. If you then will brush it vigorously with a stiff brush for a moment it will regain its former smoothness and look as if nothing had ever marred its surface. Good Housekeeping.

He only employs his prejudice who can make no use of his reason.—Cicero.

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WORST KIND OF POVERTY. A Man May Have Plenty of Money and Yet Be Very Poor.

Much of what is called success is but the most vulgar kind of prosperity; it is the success of the brute faculties at the expense of the divine. To develop a few of one's brain cells, and these the lowest, by everlasting digging and grinding for money, to cultivate one huge gland which secretes nothing but dollars and the exclusive cultivation of which crushes out of life all the finer sentiments, all that is sweet and beautiful and worth while, makes a man as dry and barren as the great Sahara desert. He who follows this course cannot be rich, no matter how much money he may have. A man is rich when every faculty, within him has followed his highest ideals, when he has pushed his horizon to its farthest limit.

A man is poor when he has lost confidence in his friends, when people who are nearest to him do not believe in him, when his character is honeycombed by deceit, punctured by dishonesty. He is poor when he makes money at the expense of his character, when principle does not stand clear cut, when he is in danger of the worst kind of poverty. To be in the perilous position is not necessarily to be poor. If you have maintained your integrity, if your character stands foursquare to the world, if you have never bent the knee of principle to avarice, you are not poor, though you may be compared to beg bread—Orson Sweet Madden in Success.

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A TRINITY OF EVILS.

Mr. Martin Montgomery, of Shiloh, Pa., formerly of Borbury, N. Y., writes to Dr. David Kennedy, of Boudout, N. Y., and says: "Your new medicine, Cal-cure Solvent, is wonderful. It cured me of liver and kidney troubles, and rheumatism, after a lot of weary doing with things that did no good. It is a record breaker and no mistake."

It is because Cal-cure Solvent acts on the kidneys and liver and at the same time expels uric acid from the blood, that it is such a reliable remedy for rheumatism and the attendant disorders. It cures by removing the cause, therefore the cure is permanent, safe and sure. All druggists, \$1.00.

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WE GIVE BOTH FREE PREMIUMS AND CASH PRIZES

Complete Detailed Particulars in Every Package of

LION COFFEE

WOOLSON SPICE CO., (CONTEST DEPT.) TOLEDO, OHIO.



"If you come down next year, you'll certainly win," he said warmly. "We all wanted to give the prize to you, but it was impossible. You had the right of way and could have stood on your course. You were certainly going fast enough to win by a long lead. It was too bad."

But on the other hand, the need of the \$100 in cash offered by the committee in charge of the race was imperative, and Harold had counted so confidently on it that he had, figuratively speaking, already spent it. The addition to the humble home which he and his aged mother occupied on the banks of the Upper river had been planned and talked about for a year. This addition was needed to keep out the cold and to make life more comfortable for the inmates.

One of the judges appeared at this moment and interrupted his train of bitter thoughts. "If you come down next year with a yacht you'll certainly win," he said warmly. "We all wanted to give the prize to you, but it was impossible. You had the right of way and could have stood on your course. You were certainly going fast enough to win by a long lead. It was too bad."

"Thank you," answered Harold, touched by the words. "And I'll try to come back next year with the same yacht-improved a little in speed."

Then, gathering his few things together, he started off on his homeward trip. It was a long run up the river, and night was coming on. But the wind was favorable and blowing a steady breeze. Ahead of him were a

dozen other boats heading up stream, too, all bound for home. The ice king brought up the rear of the pretty procession.

In half an hour Harold had passed all the boats in the procession except one. This craft was so far ahead that he doubted if it had been in the race. It was probably some craft belonging to one of the yacht clubs farther up the river and was making a solitary trip to some distant point.

Steadily, however, the ice king overhauled her, gaining so rapidly on her that Harold concluded that the owner of it was in no hurry to complete his journey. Fifteen minutes later, he studied the outline of the sail ahead and then muttered half aloud, "It's Chetson in the Snow Bunting!"

Immediately he felt the blood mounting to his forehead, and his eyes flashed. The winner of the prize was half a mile ahead of him and going in the same direction. Silently the ice king crept up on the boat ahead, and then Harold shouted:

"Hallo, Chetson! Let's have another race. If I can't beat you this time I'll take back all I said and thought!"

Chetson turned abruptly and saw his rival creeping upon him. His face darkened. There was no chance to evade the challenge.

"I'm only going a few miles farther, and then!"

"Oh, we don't need more than a few miles. I'll pass you before!"

These words stung, and the Snow Bunting was lashed up in the path of the wind and given the full benefit of its power. The ice king likewise shifted her course, a little, and the two scudded along at a rapid pace. The wind had gradually increased in the last half hour, and both boats labored and groined heavily under the strain imposed upon them.

The Snow Bunting was no inferior craft. It was a worthy rival to the ice king. It had been built by a noted constructor and designer, and it had all the modern improvements which money could purchase. Harold knew this and had been made aware of it in the race for the prize. But despite this he felt that his craft could outstep her.

So it proved in a short time. Inch by inch and foot by foot he gained on his adversary. But it was a close and long race. Both navigators were warned to the fray. Harold had tauntingly intimated that the race for the prize had not been a fair one. In the heat of the moment he had said that Chetson had deliberately threatened his boat to win the race by a foul.

All this rankled deep in the heart of Chetson, and Harold even felt the necessity of apologizing to himself for his words. "If I can't beat him now I can and will beat him!"

Pastor, and faster the boats flew, the wind, joining in the race by adding strength to the power which drove them onward. Town and village were passed in quick succession, and still they kept on their course. The ice king was a boat's length behind his rival, and then it hung on the flank of the Snow Bunting for two miles. Then it crept up and gradually pushed its nose even with its rival.

The sun had set, and darkness was falling over the river's surface, but not their navigators noticed the

McKean County Miner

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Smithport, Thursday, Nov. 3, 1904.

Republican Ticket.

For President,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
of New York.

For Vice President,
CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS,
of Indiana.

For Supreme Court Judge,
JOHN P. ELKIN.

For Representative in Congress,
S. R. DRESSER.

For State Senator,
MYRON MATSON.

For Assemblyman,
J. M. McILROY,
JOHN W. CAMPBELL.

For County Treasurer,
S. D. WEAVER.

For Coroner,
DR. B. H. HALL.

Vote early.

Vote the Republican ticket.

Vote for B. H. Hall for Coroner.

Vote for Myron Matson for State Senator.

Vote for J. M. McIlroy for Assemblyman.

Vote for S. D. Weaver for County Treasurer.

Vote for John P. Elkin for Judge of the Supreme Court.

Vote for Solomon B. Dresser for Member of Congress.

Vote for Roosevelt and Fairbanks for President and Vice President.

If you are satisfied with the condition of affairs and do not favor "soup" houses and smokeless factories vote the Republican ticket.

The danger of a fight between Russia and Great Britain is now entirely over. Negotiations for an amicable settlement of the Baltic fleet affair are now in progress.

Aside from the fact that the Japanese are still trying to take Port Arthur war news is very scarce. The famous port has not even fallen once in the past week.

The campaign just now nearing an end has been an exceedingly quiet one. The Republicans have refrained from hustling because there is no need of it; the Democrats because there was no use of it.

The Executive Committee of the Swedish American Republican League of McKean county held a meeting at Mt. Jewett on Tuesday and adopted strong resolutions to support the Republican ticket from top to bottom.

When you go to the polls next Tuesday cast your ballot for the Grand Old Republican party and you will rest easier the next day. During the years of Republicanism this country has prospered at the hands of leaders who have been tried and true, and the people in general have been contented.

We have been informed that some members of the Bradford Typographical Union have made efforts to induce other unions in the county to endorse the candidacy of W. E. Potter for county treasurer, but so far as we can learn all these unions have refused to take any action on the matter. This is right. Labor unions as unions should not meddle with politics where both candidates are friendly to unionism, as are Mr. Weaver and Mr. Potter.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 28, 1904.

Judge Parker is to take the stump in his own behalf. He will speak in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut from all of which it is evident that his advisers, including the hastily summoned Mayor Harrison of Chicago, saw that he had no chance of election unless something happened to turn the tide of public opinion. The Republicans generally are rejoiced at the prospect. Thus far Mr. Parker has not made a single speech which did not serve to reveal his unfamiliarity with national affairs, his wild recklessness in figures, his unscrupulousness in perverting meanings and distorting quotations, and his general inefficiency to discuss much less administer the affairs of the nation.

When Mr. Parker sent out his gold telegram he declared that the gold standard was "irrevocably established." The fact is that the gold standard is no more irrevocably established than it was in the panic of 1893 or the campaign of 1896. While the act of March 14, 1900, declares that all forms of United States money shall be maintained at a parity with gold, there is nothing to prevent a Democratic congress from repealing that law, and there is no provision by which a Democratic Secretary of the Treasury

could be compelled to redeem silver dollars with gold.

Mr. Parker has been detected in using a garbled quotation from President McKinley's famous Buffalo speech. Parker in his letter of acceptance, declared that President McKinley said: "We must make sensible trade arrangements if we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus." What Mr. McKinley did say was, "By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus." Mr. McKinley further said, "We should take from our customers' cash of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor," but Judge Parker omitted this quotation entirely because it was his purpose to represent President McKinley as insisting upon reciprocity whether it injured our industries and labor, or not. It is regarded as amazing that a man whose only qualifications for the high office to which he aspires are his alleged integrity and judicial character, should have deliberately misquoted a speech so well and accurately known.

In view of the unfounded charges regarding the alleged extravagant expenditures of Government money by the Republican Administration, it is interesting to note the condition of the United States Treasury at the beginning of this year as compared with its condition at the close of the last Democratic administration. The true condition of the National Treasury at any one time is shown by the difference between the principal of the debt and the available cash on hand and the trick of bookkeeping, or cry of extravagant expenditures, can show other than a splendid record of successful financial management by the Republican administration. On January 1, 1897, after four years of Democratic rule, the principal of the debt was \$947,000,000; the available cash in the Treasury \$228,000,000 leaving a net debt, less cash of \$719,000,000. On January 1, 1904, after seven years of Republican administration during which the Spanish war had been fought, at a cost of \$500,000,000, and paid for, the principal of the debt was \$938,000,000, and the available cash in the Treasury \$579,000,000 leaving a net debt less cash of \$359,000,000. This shows that on January 1, 1904, the Treasury was \$100,000,000 better off than on January 1, 1897, and the annual interest charge was \$10,000,000 less.

It is quite in accord with Democratic methods that Judge Parker and other Democratic spell-binders should be charging President Roosevelt with "continuous and sinister encroachment upon the spirit and operation of the Civil Service rules" and with having "arbitrarily dispensed with examinations for office in the interests of favorites and set aside the principles upon which the Civil Service is based." The facts are that the official records show that 8,000 more places were filled by competitive examination in the first year of the Roosevelt administration than in the year before, 4,858 more the second year and 2,124 more the third year than the year previous. During the three years of President Roosevelt's administration over 30,000 places have been added to the classified service and President Roosevelt has made only 41 exceptions from Civil Service regulations in three years. The exceptions made by this immediate predecessor run into the hundreds.

The latest fool-book gotten up by the Democratic campaign managers is a story intended for circulation immediately before the election. It is proposed then to circulate broadsheet through the country a statement to the effect that President Roosevelt has asserted that if he finds Parker needs the votes of Alabama and Mississippi to insure his election he, Roosevelt, will see to it that the votes of these states are not counted because they have disfranchised the negro. The report is, of course, absolutely without foundation.

In view of the extravagant criticism of President Roosevelt because he chanced to ask Booker T. Washington to take lunch with him, it is interesting to learn that Mayor Smith of Charleston, West Va., and ex-Governor Atkinson, Wilson and McCorkle and other prominent men of that state, all Democrats, invited Washington to share the hospitality of their city on his return from Europe in 1890 and that they gave him a reception in the State House at which Mrs. Atkinson assisted her husband in receiving.

Prohibition Campaign Schedule.

A series of prohibition mass meetings are being held in the county by the prohibitionists, this week. Paul P. Lyon spoke Monday night at Turtle Point, in company with L. W. Howden, candidate for county treasurer. Meetings are being held as follows: Messrs. S. G. Watts of Clearfield, candidate for congress, accompanied by Paul P. Lyon and Ira B. Reed, candidates for assembly, doing the speaking: Mt. Jewett, Nov. 1; Eldred, Nov. 2; Port Allegany, Nov. 3; Kane, Nov. 4; Bradford, Nov. 5. On the last three dates, Homer L. Castle, Esq., of Pittsburgh, one of the noted orators of the Prohibition party will make the chief address.

A very thorough campaign of education is being pushed by the cold water people, with special literature, and they feel confident of an increase in the vote this fall, especially for their candidates for Assembly.

Smithport people should give Dell Weaver, the home candidate for County Treasurer, a large vote.

For Sale.
One yearling colt, two sneaking colts and two cows. Inquire of E. E. Brockham, Farmers Valley, Pa.

...LYCEUM THEATRE... Monday Evening, Nov. 7.



THE MUSICAL EVE T OF THE SEASON
The DeWalt Hyper Production of John Philip Sousa's Masterpiece.

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Typical Tune of Zanzibar,
"Military Marches" and
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Each act will be staged with company's scenery. Costumes Bright and Costly. Everything as given at The Broadway Theatre, New York.

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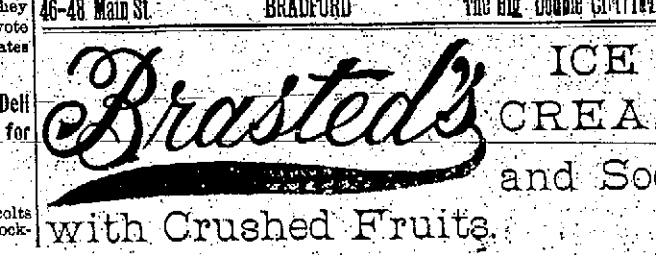
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Do not forget I handle it.
Also the very new things in SHREDDED SPONGE BUSTLES, BUST FORMS and CORSET PADS.
All the good things in woolen and outing flannel goods.
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THE CITY STORE.

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Nor to Look at Clothes or Winter.

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There is a dash and style about our garments that appeals to every man who enjoys the appearance of success. And the appearance of success often leads it.

We believe we have the best \$10 SUIT in town.

We believe we have the best \$12 SUIT in town.

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Come and see if you don't believe as we do.

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The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

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I have just received for your inspection my new line of

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in the latest weaves and quality, prices to suit all. Call and look them over.

Plaids for children's school dresses at 15c the yard, good values.

I wish to call your attention to my new stock of

WALKING SKIRTS

made up of the latest cloths.
Many other new fall goods too numerous to mention are on my counters and shelves.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.
October 4, 1904.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

Fall and Winter

Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor
Chadwick Block Smethport.

Have you used PALMER'S PERFUMES

If not do so. We carry a fine stock of these goods and feel sure they will please you. Also a full line of

Drugs, Medicines and Toilet Articles

In fact everything to make up a first class drug store.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE

It is not Extravagance

If you come to us for your Summer Furniture. It is true that we have the best but it does not cost as much here as much here as the ordinary kind elsewhere.

Be cool and comfortable during the hot summer months. You can do it just as well as not; all it requires is some of our easy Porch Furniture.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

Big fur Display

ONE WEEK ONLY

NOV. 5, 7, 8.

During these three days we will show a strictly up-to-date line of Furs, consisting of

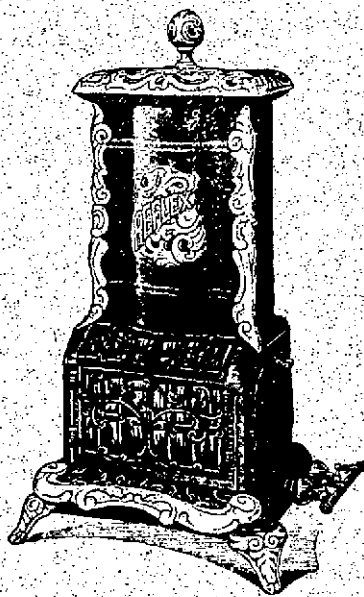
Sealskin and Persian Lamb Jackets, Scarfs and Muffs

These Furs come to us direct from Newton Annis, one of the foremost manufacturers of fine Furs in the United States.

If you are interested in FUR VALUES take advantage of this opportunity.

ANNIS FURS ARE THE BEST.

The Lindholm Company



Be sure you buy the time tried

REFLEX GAS HEATER

This stove we have sold for a number of years and its superiority over the many imitations that have flooded the market is conceded by everyone who knows anything about a stove. Others will tell you "that this and that stove is just as good as the Reflex." This ought to be convincing enough that THE REFLEX IS THE STOVE TO BUY. When you purchase a stove of us you take

no chances. You can depend upon its doing just what we claim for it and in every case you will get value received.

Redfield's Hardware.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 5, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Election next week.
The teachers will be with us next week.
Born, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Miller, on Tuesday, a daughter.
In New York Saturday a bet on Roosevelt was closed at 6 to 1.
Redfield's Hardware is advertising the Reflex Gas Heater in this issue.
An Angeleno, N. Y. man is credited with having killed five coons with one shot.
W. J. Kerr, the jeweler, has had an attractive sign placed in front of his store.
Bargains in the new basement is the title of the Fry & Comes' advertisement this week.
Mrs. E. L. Keonin entertained about forty ladies at cards yesterday afternoon.
The ladies of the Baptist church expect to serve a chicken supper on Thursday evening, Nov. 17th.
LaMont, the six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ward Means who has been ill with diphtheria is improving rapidly.
Mrs. M. L. Bisett has a new and interesting advertisement for ladies in this issue. She always carries a large stock of novelties.
Mrs. F. M. Spanogle, Mrs. C. B. Corwin and Miss Vera Haffner entertained a party at progressive finish Wednesday evening.
Rev. E. E. Holmes, D. D. of Buffalo will lecture at the Methodist church this evening. All are invited. A silver collection will be taken.
Mrs. Ole Olson died at her home in Oleons last week, aged 87 years. Ole Olson is a brother of the late Burt Olson, formerly editor of this paper.
On Wednesday, Dec. 7, there will be a supper and Xmas fair at the parish house, under the management of the Junior Auxiliary of St. Luke's parish.
A pre-election sermon will be given by the pastor at the Methodist church next Sunday evening. The morning topic is, "Faithy Attachments to Christ."
Twenty-eight persons from this place went to Bradford and attended the production of "The Wizard of Oz" at the New Bradford Theatre. All spoke highly of the performance.
A horse belonging to P. F. Riggall, which was left standing in front of the Camp factory last Sunday night without hitching, ran away. The vehicle was slightly broken and its contents scattered. Little damage was done.

Swan A. Benson, while laboring under a fit of temporary insanity caused by illness, committed suicide at Kane Tuesday afternoon by cutting his throat with a razor.
Ten miners were killed near Wilkes-Barre early yesterday morning by being dashed to the bottom of the mine in a mine cart. The reverse levers refused to work.
The pastor's subject at the Baptist church next Sunday morning will be, "Christ, the Head of the Church." Subject for the evening, "The Measure of God's Love."
The Gold Eagle Hotel at Eldred was badly damaged by fire last night. The upper story was completely burned out and the lower story was seriously damaged by water and smoke.
J. B. Bradley, a prominent Bolivar man, well known throughout the oil country, died at a sanitarium in Chicago Sunday. He was 78 years old and is survived by his wife and one son.
At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Lessons for 23d Sunday after Trinity on "Tributes to Caesar" and "The Highest Citizenship."
The W. C. T. U. will hold their regular meeting next Saturday afternoon in the Methodist chapel at 3 p. m. A report of the county convention, recently held at Kane will be given. All are invited.
Mrs. C. E. Corwin and sister, Miss Vera Haffner, very pleasantly entertained a large party of young people at their home on Mill street Monday evening. The usual Halloween games were played and fun reigned supreme until a late hour.
The Bradford high school football team defeated the Warren high school eleven at Bradford Saturday by a score of 10 to 0. The Kane high school and Bradford Juniors played at Kane on the same day, the latter being defeated by the score of 17 to 0.
A gas well on the Olson farm belonging to the Camp Glass Company was shot on Tuesday and now promises to be good for 150,000 feet of gas per day. The well was drilled a year ago but had become stopped up so that it produced practically no gas.
At the regular meeting of the L. O. T. M. on Tuesday afternoon Mrs. George Gerritt was tendered a surprise party in honor of her birthday. She was presented with a beautiful cut glass as a token of the esteem in which she is held by the members of that order.
Floyd Hinman and Beyer Eckert have purchased the newsstand and fruit and confectionery store conducted by Ellwood Gaskin and took possession this morning. Both are hustling young men and their numerous friends will wish them success in their new venture.

J. L. Hammond opened a dancing school at the hose house last evening. The school starts very successfully and will undoubtedly gain in favor. It will be held regularly on Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Chadwick's orchestra furnishes the music.
The Junior Auxiliary of St. Luke's parish will give a series of chafing dish lunches at the parish house on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, Nov. 8, 9 and 10, from 3:30 to 5:30, admission 10 cents. This will be the week of the county teachers' institute.
A bet was made by two Main street merchants yesterday on the result of the Presidential election. An enthusiastic Republican wagered with a Democrat, \$100 to \$10, that Roosevelt would be elected. He will easily make the \$10. It will be like finding money.—Bradford Era.
The usual Halloween pranks were indulged in by the boys and girls of Smethport. Property was removed but as far as can be learned no serious damage was done. The police were on the alert and in some instances were given a good hard run by the youngsters but no arrests were made.
By a telephone message from Austin we learn that one of the buildings of the Austin schools was destroyed by fire Tuesday forenoon and that another was badly damaged before the flames could be got under control. The fire started about 11 o'clock. All the pupils escaped without injury. A defective heating system is blamed for the fire.
The Ormsby Gas Company, of which R. W. Hilton is one of the principal stockholders, is laying pipe from its wells east of town and will soon be prepared to furnish gas to Smethport people for manufacturing purposes. This company has several good gas wells on the Card farm and on Open Brook and will be able to furnish a large amount of gas in this place. This should give Smethport another boom.
Fred B. Andrews met with a serious accident at the Smethport Glass factory last Thursday evening. A sheet of glass, which he was handling, slipped out of his hand, cutting a deep gash across his right wrist, severing several arteries. He hurried to a doctor's office where the wound was dressed and he is now improving rapidly. So great was the flow of blood that he experienced difficulty in reaching a doctor before he was exhausted.
Sheriff Mays has gone to Albany to secure the signature of Gov. Odell to extradition papers for George Krobey, who is charged with having attempted to murder an Italian woman, near Laramie. The defendant is in Little Valley jail. He will be brought to Smethport the latter part of the week to await trial. His victim has almost entirely recovered from the injuries inflicted on her by Krobey, and is being held at the county home to testify against her assailant.
James Matthews, formerly of Bradford and known as "Yellow," has been arrested in Ridgway charged with burning the Grand Hotel, on Chautauque lake. Matthews made a statement after his arrest implicating Mrs. Lora H. Allen, wife of a prominent Jamestown man, and she is now under arrest. It is claimed Matthews was to receive \$500 for burning the hotel, from the owner, James Craig of Buffalo, and the deal was made through Mrs. Allen who is alleged to have been intimate with Craig.
McKean County Teachers Institute.
Thirty-eight annual session at court house, Smethport, Pa., Nov. 7 to 11, 1904. Institute will convene Monday, Nov. 7th, at 2 p. m.
Instructors—Hon. Henry Honck, deputy state supt., Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, Miss Lucile Hinman, Dr. F. D. Churchill, Dr. W. N. Ferris, Prof. J. G. Beech.
Evening entertainments will begin promptly at 8 o'clock. Monday—Teachers' reception in the chapel of the M. E. church. Tuesday—Song, Miss Ruth Voorhees. "A Pictorial Story of Fidelity," Mrs. Katharine Fitz-Bowden, assisted by Mr. Bowden. Wednesday—Wend drill by 7th and 8th grade girls of Smethport Public Schools. Lecture, "Stories of Abraham Lincoln," Dr. F. D. Churchill. Thursday—Concert, Mary Haffner Ladies' Quartette and Malcolm Shackelford, harmonist and banjoist.
On Thursday afternoon special addresses will be made to teachers and school directors.
The law requires the closing of all schools in the county during institute week. No progressive, wide-awake teacher will miss this annual meeting. The best talent available has been secured. Let every one come to work and learn.
Arrangements have been made with the Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, Shawmut & Northern, Buffalo, Bradford & Kane, Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh and Kuchegua railroads for special excursion rates to teachers. Card orders will be forwarded to any desiring them on receipt of a stamped and self-addressed envelope.
J. E. Myers, County Superintendent of Schools.
In Justice to Mr. Korner.
The statement we have published that a Democratic candidate for Assembly is a bondsman for liquor resorts in Kane, applies to a man who was nominated and declined, not to Mr. Korner, who is now running.
H. B. McLEWARD, County Probation Chairman.
Edison gold moulded phonograph records are the lowest and most durable. Prices reduced to 35c.
Holmes & Gilfillan.
For County Treasurer vote for S. D. Weaver.

Personal Mentions.
Mrs. Hannah Quirk is visiting friends in Illinois.
James Quirk is attending the exposition at St. Louis.
Theron Lyle is visiting his parents in Kinzua this week.
Mrs. John Clark was a Buffalo visitor the first of the week.
Mrs. L. Wiede of Buffalo is the guest of Miss E. L. Dantley.
Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Lyon of St. Marys are visiting Smethport friends.
Mrs. O. H. Barker of Bradford is visiting her sister, Mrs. M. L. Bisett.
Mrs. Clara Hodson of Olean, N. Y., visited Mrs. H. R. Henderson over Sunday.
Mrs. J. Hopper and daughter, Hazel and Alberta, visited Hornellsville this week.
Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Holmes of Buffalo have been visiting friends in town this week.
Ed Hangerford of Bolivar, N. Y., spent Sunday with his family in this place.
Mrs. N. H. Knapp and daughters, Fay and Margaret, of Austin are visiting friends in town.
Rev. and Mrs. Thos. D. Ware are in Lock Haven visiting Mrs. Ware's brother, O. D. Bush and family.
Daniel Bacon and Dr. E. R. Baker left Monday for a week's hunting at Howard, Center county, Pa.
Arthur L. Youmans came over from Smethport yesterday afternoon to assist in the Benstrom store.—Saturday's Kane Republican.
Herbert Yordon has returned from an extended visit in Jamestown and Buffalo and has resumed his position at the Hotel Imperial.
Mr. and Mrs. John L. Youmans, who have for the past two months been visiting their son, M. L. Youmans of Colorado, the World's Fair and other places of interest, have returned to their home in Smethport.
Bradford Sportsmen Duped.
Several days ago an easy going individual struck the town and soon after his arrival made the acquaintance of the various pool and billiard establishments in the city. He professed to have some skill in the pool playing art and essayed to do battle with the local experts in that line, meeting with defeat in every contest. Finally after an ignominious defeat at the hands of a well known player, he offered to meet him in a 150 point contest, at a discount, for \$100 a side. The Bradford man was backed by a local resident with a profession, the bets on the contest aggregating \$320. The game was played last night and "strange" to say the unknown visitor proved to be a ringer, defeating the local expert by nearly 70 points on even terms. The backer of the Bradford man, feeling that he had been duped, became troublesome and in a general mixup was handed several unkind blows on the face and jaw, all of which left their mark.—Saturday's Era.
Advertised Letters.
List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Oct. 29, 1904:
Hiram Baker, Albert Foulter, Alice Olson, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, Roy Sherwood, Foreign—Thomas Ashby, Bonifacy Willowski.
Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.
J. O. GALLUP, Postmaster.
Notice to Advertisers.
All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the Miner. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.
\$14 Buffalo to St. Louis and Return.
Tickets on sale every day except Fridays and Saturdays, until November 24th. Good seven days. See local Agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 201 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.
Vote for Weaver, Smethport's only candidate.



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. We use a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

MONARCH SHIRTS BELL PHONE BANNER PATTERNS
\$1.00 & \$1.50 100 & 150
DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS

FRY & COMES

Successors to Fry & Herzog.

BARGAINS FROM THE NEW BASEMENT.

During the past week the carpenters have been busy in the basement of our store fitting up a new home for the Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings, Rugs, Lace Curtains, Draperies, Window Shades, Bedding and kindred stocks. During the Holidays will display in this room an immense line of the newest toys and games.

To quickly get you acquainted with this new basement store and fix it in your mind as a place of exceptional values we offer for Friday and Saturday of this week:

60 Smyrna and Axminster Rugs one-fourth less than regular values	4.50
all sizes from 17x38 in. @ .65c to 45x56 in. @	
\$1.00 Wire Door Mats 15x23 in. @ 75c, other sizes in proportion	98c
\$1.50 Cocoa Mats 18x30, red wool border @	1.18
\$1.85 Ruffled Net Curtains, 2 1/2 yd. long @ per pair	2.48
\$2.50 Lace Curtains, 3 1/2 yd. long @ per pair	39c
\$3.00 Ingrain Carpets, 3 pieces cut @ per yard	1.18
\$1.50 Bed Spreads, full regular sizes @	

Three Styles: Hommed, Fringed, Fringed with cut corners.

FRY & COMES.

The Lawrence Triplex.

THE INDIRECT FLUE PRINCIPLE

This sectional view of the Triplex Heater shows very clearly the interior construction, showing the long indirect flue as marked by the arrows, by means of which the heat is retained upon the radiating surface as long as it is possible in any stove and at least three times as long as it is in other direct flue heaters. These facts together with the very powerful independent burners, make it not only the most efficient, but the most economical heater made.

We also offer Garnet Jewel and Monarch Caloric, which gives you a selection from the 3 most popular heaters made.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE
DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

DIAMONDS AND WATCHES

We are offering great bargains at the present time. Your money is well spent when you invest it in Diamonds.

WATCH REPAIRING
DIAMOND SETTING
AND ENGRAVING

7 MAIN ST. **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

HEADQUARTERS For Ladies' and Children's Wearing Apparel.

We are prepared for the largest Winter Business in our history. Large stocks rightly bought and low priced is a combination that cannot be beat and spells quick sales.

Of course the choicest bargains go first. Buy your Winter Hat now. We have a large and complete assortment.

Just received a new lot of Winter Waists, latest styles and colors. Also can show you an elegant line of silk petticoats, Quality guaranteed.

Mercoized skirts from 98c to \$2.75.

Do not fail to look at our new line of Rain Coats, Ladies' and Children's Coats, Furs, Gloves, Belts, Underwear, etc.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

Unto the Third Generation

By CECILY ALLEN

Copyright, 1906, by M. W. Wood

Francesca climbed the stairs with dragging steps. Dick caught up with her and supported her elbow with his strong, firm hand. It was good to feel his support, his presence, even though she had grown somewhat accustomed to it, and she turned to him with a wan smile.

At the head of the first flight of stairs they turned into Mrs. Miller's little sitting room, and Francesca dropped wearily into the low rocker by the window. Dick sat on the window ledge swinging his feet. His ball bed-room was on the floor above. Francesca had the room next to Mrs. Miller's, but since their engagement had been announced the good natured landlady had rather turned her little sitting room over to them.

"In my days young folks didn't have to do their courting in the parlor, and I don't think it's right and proper," she had said in explanation to her old maid boarder, a crusty bachelor.

And now the two young people sat in the twilight, gazing at the two sections of the country from which they had come—Francesca, gentle, clinging and drooping in the fierce struggle for existence in the great northern city, shrinking from the clamor of trains overhead, the clang of carriages and the side and lunging for the yellow moonlight and the voice of the night, in her old southern home, Dick, alert, quick, fascinated by the opportunities which had drawn him from a midwest farm. He had brought nervous energy and strong vigorous blood, and New York loves to sap and live off them both. They had met on the commercial highway and loved. At least Dick was quite sure of it on his side. Tonight, well, Francesca hardly knew what was wrong tonight.

"A whole day to ourselves tomorrow, sweetheart," he was saying. "Yes," replied Francesca bitterly. "That's what all the girls were saying today. You'd think we were slaves—aid—well, we are!"

Dick looked at her in surprise. Then he spoke cheerily.

"Well, we shan't be always. Do you know, Francesca, that little venture in real estate is coming out all right. I could have sold my share today at a net gain of a thousand. But I think I'll hang on until we're married, and we'll build on the corner lot!"

"And you'll be a computer, and I'll be of loneliness through the day," Dick said with a smile.

"Things go wrong at the shop? Well, never mind. Tomorrow we'll have the whole day!"

"Don't say that again," she commanded, then corrected herself quickly. "I mean, where shall we go?"

"If you don't mind, I'd like to take a few flowers out to one of the cemeteries. They seem to be the surprise in her face he added hastily. "Not that I've any one buried around here, only at home on Memorial day, we always put flowers on the soldiers' graves, and I guess we can find plenty of 'em around here. They'll go down to one of the benches on the boat. We won't get off. Just take the water rise."

Francesca's hands were clasped tightly over her crossed knees.

"You can do as you like. I'll never desert a Federal soldier's grave," Dick said. "If it hadn't been for that war I'd not be in this dreadful, dreadful city working, working like a slave for \$15 a week, with girls who don't know how to dress, to talk, to set, my people always had money, but my grandfather was killed in your war. My father could not regain what he had lost and sweat away. He died struggling with the problem, and my mother followed him with a broken heart. I hate the north, even though I had to come and ask for bread. And you ask me to decorate the graves of men who devastated my home!"

"I didn't think, Francesca, dear, honestly I didn't. You see, we're always kept the day. My folks thought of the other side, and then I guess I'm a bit old-fashioned. It seems natural to go to the cemetery, and I didn't think of how you might feel."

"That's it. You didn't think. You'll never understand me," the girl said in low, passionate tones. "There's the Mason and Dixon line between us. You're all business and dollars. You get us southern girls up here and grind our lives out."

Dick looked serious now, but he forced a smile.

"If the north had not claimed your talents, dear, we would never have met," he said, and it was like a soft, warm hand on her heart.

"Oh, I hate it! I hate it—the air, the noise, the rush! It has no compensations."

She did not mean it just that way, but Dick took the words literally. He stood up suddenly and very straight.

"I am sorry, Francesca, that you think I cannot make you happy."

And when she looked up he had left the room so quietly that she could hardly believe the move had been taken by vigorous, stalwart Dick Merrill.

She did not come down to breakfast the next morning, and when Mrs. Miller appeared at her bedside with a cup of coffee and some golden brown toast the sound of muffled drums in the distance told her that the parade was in motion.

"Dear me, suz, but the house seems quiet! It's funny how all New York does make the most of a holiday. Mr. Merrill said you weren't feeling well, but I think it would have done you good to go out."

Francesca slipped at her coffee without replying.

"Seems as if I just must go myself, but Lizzie, she was set on taking the day off, and she's such a good help I didn't want to cross her, but I do hate to miss going to the cemetery. Isn't it funny, Mr. Merrill, and I coming from the same town? I knew just how he felt this morning, when he said he'd go out and decorate some graves. We always did it at home, with the G. A. R. at the head of the procession and the children carrying the flowers and wreaths. I didn't lose anybody close in the war, as near as I can remember, but it meant a lot to Dick Merrill's folks."

Francesca looked up suddenly.

"Ain't he ever told you?" Mrs. Miller said in surprise. "Well, maybe he thought the war was a tender subject with you southerners. Why, his grandfather enlisted and took his three boys with him. All four of 'em are buried among the unknown dead somewhere south of the Mason and Dixon line. Mary Ann Merrill—that's Dick's mother—she somehow couldn't make things go, and she wound up in the poor farm. Yes, there were plenty of folks that took to the poor farms after the war. But Dick, he wasn't the kind to stay there. Blood will tell, and he had more of his father's blood than his mother's in him. When I see him, so straight and good-looking, so well dressed and carrying himself as if he expected to own New York before he got done, I say, that blood will tell every time. There's some folks that even having their whole family whiped out by the war won't down, and that's the sort Dick is. My law, there's that bell again! Don't you want any more roast? Well, you'd better come down after awhile, and we'll have a little lunch. Notice of the boarders will be home before dinner time."

But one of the boarders did come in very soon. He had a flower's box in his hand, and he walked quietly into Mrs. Miller's sitting room, where Francesca, looking a bit pale from her headache, but very sweet and gentle, rose at his entrance.

"Oh, Dick, have you come back for me? Is it too late to go?"

"I guess we won't go, Francesca. You see, I didn't understand—and these are violets for you instead."

"Oh, but we will go, you and I together, dear. It was I who didn't understand, and we must have common interests, dear heart. We can't afford to let the old folk come between us of the third generation. We'll scatter those violets over the graves of the unknown dead."

And so they went forth into the beautiful spring sunlight, and Mrs. Miller, peeping from behind the curtains of the parlor, smiled as if she thought of them had made the whole day glad for her.

The English Face.

It was an American who, meeting an Englishman in a country hotel at the States, began conversation sympathetically with the words: "Dear sir, it may be all for the best." And he was surprised to find that the Englishman's face was normal and not the result of any more than ordinary and news. The prevailing notion of the American with regard to the Englishman is that he looks "as if his eyes had been rubbed out." For years the inhabitants of the States have been scrutinizing the faces of British visitors to try to ascertain whether their resigned expression is due to a recent bereavement, continued inactivity or simply to superficiality. According to a weekly paper, some Americans attribute the English face to the English climate. They did not look actually said, "an American lady to the waiter, 'or happy or preoccupied, but they one and all had an expression of resignation—the only state of mind possible with an English climate.' This is an ingenious explanation. Centuries of rain and years of fog may have had their effect on our looks. There is, indeed, a certain dignity in the idea—London Globe.

One of Tyndall's Heretic Experiments.

In 1864 Tyndall performed the experiment of separating light from heat. In the course of the investigations which enabled him to do this he made one of the most daring experiments that ever a scientist made ventured on.

Knowing a layer of iodine placed before the eye intercepted the light, he determined to place his own eye in the focus of strong invisible rays. He knew that if in doing so the dark rays were absorbed in a high degree by the humors of the eyes the albumen of the other hand, if there was no high absorption the rays might strike upon the retina with a force sufficient to destroy it. When he next brought his eye under the dark focus the heat on the parts surrounding the pupil was too intense to be endured. He therefore made an aperture in the plate of the metal and, placing his eye behind this aperture, he gradually approached the point of convergence of the invisible rays. First the pupil and next the retina were placed in the focus. Immediately afterward a sheet of platinum foil placed in the position which the retina had occupied became red hot.

Fatalism.

"Pa, what's a fatalism?"

"A fatalism, my boy, is a man who thinks that if it is his fate to get rich he will become so without trying."

"Well, pa, do fatalists ever get rich?"

"Never, my boy,"—Clueless! Cammerford Tribune.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Scott's Emulsion, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect of taking the Emulsion. Price 50c and \$1. Trial size free. At all druggists.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER

one year for \$1.25 IN ADVANCE.

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HUMAN BRAINS.

The Difference Between Those of the Male and Female.

The female brain in human creatures is smaller than that of the male and it is also lighter. The difference in weight is considerable. The average man's brain is between four and five ounces heavier than the average woman's. The reason it may be said, is that the woman herself is smaller than the man in size and weight. That accounts partly for the difference, but not entirely.

The diminished size and weight of the brain are said to be a fundamental sexual distinction in the human species. It is not peculiar to civilized men and women, but is found universally among savages, wherever sufficient observations have been made.

There is said to be also a difference of balance between the various parts of the compared brains. The occipital lobes, which preside chiefly over the physical functions of the organism, are declared to be more voluminous in the female than in the male, a physiological fact which is contrary to common belief.

It appears to be unquestionable that in purely intellectual endowment the man is superior to the woman. On the other hand, in the equally noble emotional capacity the woman is superior to the man.—Home Advocate.

JAMS AND JELLIES.

How They First "Got Among" the Commonalty? In Scotland.

In "Gull's 'Annals of the Parish' the Rev. Micah Balwhidder minutely chronicles the events of his district in Scotland about the year 1760. In the course of these records he says:

"I should not in my notations forget to mark a new luxury that got among the commonalty at this time. By the opening of new roads and by our young men sailing to the West Indies, heaps of sugar were brought home, which many among the cabbages in their yards had planted grove and berry bushes, which two things happened together, the fashion to make jam and jelly, which hitherto had been only known in the kitchens of the gentry, came to be introduced into the village."

All this, however, was not without a plausible pretext, for it was found that jelly was an excellent medicine for a sore throat and jam a remedy as good as London candy for a cough or a cold or a shortness of breath. In the berry time there was no end to the borrowing of her brims pan, which occasioned a great fasherie to Mrs. Balwhidder."

SUBSTITUTE FOR GLASS.

Old Paper Used by Market Gardeners in Germany.

In a small way old paper is used for glass in many places, but only in Germany is this done on a large scale. The forists and market gardeners in the district of Frankfurt use what they call "fensterpapier" in great quantities for their greenhouses. The paper is a strong, tough material.

There is no difficulty or secret about its preparation or use. The paper is pulled to light wooden frames and painted again and again with boiled linseed oil until it is so saturated that the last coat forms a smooth, glistening surface like varnish. This renders it translucent and water proof.

It is found to admit sufficient light for growing plants, does not need shading in hot sunshine, lasts well, is not easily broken and, on the whole, is a hundred times cheaper than glass. It is, of course, useful rather than ornamental and would not do as a substitute for glass in a private conservatory.—London Mail.

Similarity.

Uncle Jerry's memory had begun to play queer pranks with him, but he refused to admit the fact and stoutly insisted that he could remember things as well as ever.

On one occasion while calling at the house of a friend he was introduced to a stranger whose name was Eddy.

In the course of the conversation that followed he addressed the stranger as "Mr. Whirlpool."

"But my name is not exactly Whirlpool," said Eddy.

"I beg your pardon for the mistake," replied Uncle Jerry courteously. "I was misled by the—er—similarity of sound."

An Old Shoe.

A young couple recently started on their wedding tour. A shower of rice and old shoes followed them as they entered the railroad coach. After the train pulled out the bridegroom saw an old shoe lying in the aisle. Supposing it was one that had been dropped at him, he picked it up and threw it out of the window. An old man across the aisle watched him for a moment and began looking for that particular shoe. The bridegroom had to buy him a new pair.

Serious.

"My dear," said Mrs. Henpeck, "I'm positive that our George is thinking seriously of matrimony."

"Well, I only hope so," returned Henpeck, with unusual spirit. "I wouldn't want any boy of mine to be so unfortunate as to regard it as a joke."

Hinting Himself.

Father—Now, Maud, in selecting a husband look before all things for intelligence and integrity. Your mother, I am sorry to say, looked only for money.

Follies.

Little James—Father, what are folks? Father—Amusements that we have grown tired of, my son.

EFFECTS OF CLIMATE.

Health and Energy Fluctuate Best in the Temperate Zones.

Grant Dexter in his book on "Weather Influences" says that "the influence of hot climates are usually listless, uneventful, apathetic and unproductive. An equable high temperature, especially if moist, weakens body and mind. No long established lowland tropical people is a conquering race in the broadest sense of the word. For the inhabitants of the higher altitudes, even under the tropical sun, this may be true, for as we ascend, the temperature lessens about 1 degree every 270 feet on an average, and even at the equator we may have a temperate climate. The most favorable temperature for health, which carries with it an aggressive energy which leads and which has led the world's march of civilization, is about 45 degrees on an average, and this is found in the temperate zones. From there have come the brain and brain of martial conquest and intellectual attainment. The dominant peoples are shown between the latitudes of 25 degrees and 65 degrees."

"During the London fogs and on days when the weather is particularly depressing to the Bank of England certain sets of books, an error in which would be cumulative and produce disastrous results further on, are locked up and the clerks set to tasks less intricate and important in character. Experience has taught those in charge that the percentage of error increases many fold during such climatic conditions and that it is money in pocket to yield to them. The same necessity for cessation of certain lines of work during bad spells of weather is recognized by the larger banking institutions in New York and the other eastern cities."

It has been the universal experience of the superintendents of prisons and asylums for the insane that the persons in their charge varied so markedly with the meteorological conditions that no man could doubt that the relation between the weather and emotional states was any other than that of cause and effect. When asked, however, what definite conditions of the weather tended to be the most productive of emotional abnormalities no satisfactory answer could be made."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Do the best you can and you will be surprised how well you do.

It is one sign that you are all right when you believe that others are.

The smartest man we ever knew and the one who could use the longest words could not hold a job.

So many of us act the fool while thinking we are acting smart. Look yourself over. Do you do it?

Don't be too confidential; don't tell every one the story of your life. It will be soon enough to tell them when you stand before St. Peter.

They talk about getting into the rut. Remaining in the rut isn't so bad. Most successful men are found in the rut. Most failures are found outside of it.—Atchison Globe.

The Word "Marmalade."

The word "marmalade" is apparently derived from the Portuguese marmelo, a "quince," which, again, is from middle Latin marmellum, Greek melimelon, "honeysuckle" or "sweet apple." The word is at least as old as the reign of Henry VIII. The following sentence occurs in a letter from that monarch:

"The most heartily I thanketh her good ladyship for her marmalade," which, by a comparison of other letters was apparently made of quinces.

Anne Basset, Lady Lisle's daughter, gives the name "quintine" to her mother's dainty. Her letters giving the account of the presentation of the said marmalade to the king and relating how he desired a repetition of the same as soon as might be have been printed more than once.—Pearson's.

Animals Which Rarely Drink.

Naturalists have discovered many animals which seem to need no water, or which drink only at rare intervals.

There is a certain breed of gazelles which never drink, and the llamas of Patagonia live for years without taking water. There is a particular class of cattle near Losers, in France, that rarely touches water, but in spite of this fact these cattle give milk of a rich quality, from which excellent cheese is made. Many naturalists have the theory that hares do not drink or that water is not a necessity for them, and that the dew on the grass is sufficient for their needs.

St. Andrew Clark's Anthonisms.

The late Sir Andrew Clark, who was Mr. Gladstone's physician, made use of the three following anthonisms during a conversation with Miss Frances W. Hard: "Labor is the life of life." "Ease is the way to disease." "The highest life of an organ lies in the fullest discharge of its functions." There is a feast of food for reflection in these three sentences.

His Idea.

Wall Street—So your son is studying law? Do you expect that he will stick to it? Speculator—Oh, no; I just want him to know enough about it so that he will be able to evade it successfully.—Detroit Free Press.

Quite Engaging.

"She is a very sweet girl."

"Why, the heartless, did he promise to marry four different men?"

"Well, that's what I mean, but manners are most engaging."

Knew the Worst.

Keeper of the Gates—Aren't you afraid of what the recording angel's book may show? Spirit—No; on earth I had a candid friend.—Smart Set.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by W. F. SPECHT SMITHPORT, PA.

Omaha Directory

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker. Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown. State Treasurer—Frank C. Harris. Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh. Secretary of Internal Affairs—L. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smithport. Member of Congress—S. R. Dwyer, Bradford. State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford. Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKinley, Bradford. District Attorney—John P. Meigs, Bradford. Sheriff—Charles E. May, Morrisport. Probationary—J. E. Bell, Smithport. Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smithport. Register—J. E. Easman, Smithport. Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smithport. County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford. Commissioners—Geo. Critch, Kane; A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smithport. County Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane. Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Smithport. Assessor—C. Engstrom, Smithport; B. C. Hartle, Kane; James Devlin, Bradford. Coroner—R. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford. County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smithport.

Notary Public—Charles McKee. Council—Alfred Mackay, president; Miss T. Van Kester, secretary; J. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Osterman, H. H. Redden, J. H. Roemer, G. H. Johnson, J. W. Vondra, J. P. Kumer. Justices—B. J. Knap, R. C. Gleason, Constable—K. W. Jones. High Constable—Andrew Ness. School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; J. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom, Collectors—J. A. Gleason. Assessor—E. H. Preghan. Auditors—C. C. Hunter, A. H. Klader. Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde. Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlington.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street. W. F. SPECHT, Secy.

O. O. F.—Smithport Lodge, No. 389, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street. W. F. SPECHT, Secy.

O. O. F. Hall. Will work literary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings. W. F. SPECHT, Secy.

O. O. F.—Smithport Encampment, No. 389, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street. H. M. CROFT, Secy.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock in the Old Fellows Hall. E. R. MAYO, Com.; H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock in the Old Fellows Hall. MRS. ADELL CROSBY, Pres.; MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Secy.

A. O. U. W.—Smithport Lodge, No. 152, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kears Hall. Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.; J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

E. O. T. M.—Smithport Tent No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 p. m. in O. O. F. Hall. W. H. MORRISON, Secy.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Tent, No. 48, meets in O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons. MRS. JANE N. FROST, Secy.

C. M. B. A.—Smithport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock in the Old Fellows Hall. THOMAS CLARK, Secy.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres.

W. C. T. U.—Smithport Chapter No. 28, meets every Tuesday evening in O. O. F. Hall. MRS. JANE N. FROST, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter No. 75, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursday in each month in Old Fellows Hall. MRS. MAY CROFT, W. M.; MRS. ROSE MACDONALD, Secy.

O. O. E. S.—Meets every Monday evening in O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday, Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday. A. A. ABBEY, S.; L. R. HOGARTH, C. of E.

Choruses.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord B. Patterson, Pastor. Mass Meeting, Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Presiding at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Matrimonial service at 8 a. m. every first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening of each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smithport Church each Sunday afternoon at 4:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Collegiate—Rev. W. F. Tabbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Clermont Church—Rev. W. F. Tabbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 11 a. m.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Time Table—Taking effect May 25, 1906. TRAINS LEAVE SMITHPORT.

For Clifton, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburgh: Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m. For Larabee, Port Allegany, Conduitsport and DuBois: Train 123, week days 10:10 a. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. TRAINS LEAVE EXETER JUNCTION.

8:30 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:30 p. m. New York 9:30 p. m. Baltimore 6:00 p. m. Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman—Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington. 12:15 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:30 p. m. New York 9:30 p. m. Baltimore 6:00 p. m. Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman—Parlor car from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed.

until 7:30 a. m.

10:30 a. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:30 p. m. New York 9:30 p. m. Baltimore 6:00 p. m. Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman—Parlor car from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington. 12:15 p. m.—Train 9, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:30 p. m. New York 9:30 p. m. Baltimore 6:00 p. m. Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman—Parlor car from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington. 12:15 p. m.—Train 10, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:30 p. m. New York 9:30 p. m. Baltimore 6:00 p. m. Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman—Parlor car from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington. 12:15 p. m.—Train 11, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:30 p. m. New York 9:30 p. m. Baltimore 6:00 p. m. Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman—Parlor car from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington. 12:15 p. m.—Train 12, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:30 p. m. New York 9:30 p. m. Baltimore 6:00 p. m. Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman—Parlor car from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington. 12:15 p. m.—Train 13, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:30 p. m. New York 9:30 p. m. Baltimore 6:00 p. m. Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman—Parlor car from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington. 12:15 p. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:30 p. m. New York 9:30 p. m. Baltimore 6:00 p. m. Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman—Parlor car from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington. 12:15 p. m.—Train 15, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:30 p. m. New York 9:30 p. m. Baltimore 6:00 p. m. Washington 7

Cinderella of St. Augustine

By E. W. SARGENT

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Jimmie Tolliver regarded with decided interest the tiny shoe which lay in the center of the white counterpane. He had a quick eye for the attractive, and he assured himself that this was a triumph of the cobbler's art, if, indeed, the maker of such a dainty creation deserved such a commonplace appellation.

It was a low cut shoe, with patent leather sides and white kid facings, quite an unusual combination. Somehow it seemed to appeal to Jimmie, and he removed it from the bed to the table, where it stood before his eyes while he wrote the inevitable letter home.

Then, while he lazily puffed a cigarette, he investigated the dainty bit of footgear with all the attributes of a connoisseur. How did it get there? Surely no chambermaid, even in a high priced hotel, had ever boasted the possession of such a creation. He turned it over carefully, but there was not so much as a monogram in sight.

He retired to dreams which were filled with visions of tiny shoes that suddenly resolved themselves into the most beautiful girls and his unexpected discovery as mere shoes.

Indeed, but for the presence of the shoe on his table the next morning he might have thought that the whole affair was a dream, for how is a decidedly feminine shoe to find its way into the room of so confirmed a woman hater as Jimmie Tolliver?

He placed the shoe on the bureau as being safer than the table, and then he went down to breakfast. He ran upstairs afterward to change his coat for a trip over the golf links, and reached his room just in time to catch a strange chambermaid making off with the shoe. "See here, young woman, that's pretty larceny," warned Tolliver. "You put that right back."

"I was only taking it for the lady it belonged to," demurred the dusky servant.

"Uh, uh," said Tolliver. "Who is the lady it belongs to?"

The woman could only look around helplessly. "Dead, sah," she declared.



"SEE HERE, YOUNG WOMAN, THAT'S PRETTY LARCENY."

"The lady done told me not to tell any one."

"Huh!" said Tolliver gravely. "This needs looking into. It's absurd for you to say that it's your own," with a glance at her ponderous feet. "How can I tell that you are not taking it to make a match receiver or a play-actress? I guess you had better leave it here and tell the owner to come and prove property."

"Dead she won't come, sah," stammered the maid. "She done told me to get it for her and she'd give me a dollar. She don't want to come."

Tolliver produced a two dollar bill.

"How did it come in my room?" he asked.

The girl's eyes opened wide. "You see the lady?"

"I wish I did," murmured Tolliver.

"The lady—she dun get robbin' wid a friend."

"She throw the slipper at her friend and the friend done dodge. It fly outen the window and fall into your room. Dat's how it am done."

Tolliver glanced at the count.

"That's a fine story," he mused. "It's a good 200 feet across. She must have plenty of muscle." Then to the girl:

"You tell the lady to send or bring the other shoe over and she can have this one."

With a nod to the waiting girl, he stepped inside the room, carefully looked at the shoe in his trunk, and then went off to the links.

That afternoon Tolliver did a very rude and inexcusable thing. He got out a pair of strong opera glasses and scanned the rooms across the court.

There was a band concert in the small stand in the center of the courtyard, and he had a good look at the girls across the way, but not one, he decided, was fit to wear the shoe. With a sigh he packed the shoe back in his trunk.

But the shoe was not to be banished from his thoughts. It became instinct with life. Everywhere he went he looked for a woman who he thought might wear such a tiny shoe, but without avail.

Then came a summons from his mother. She was supplementing a winter in Nassau with a few weeks at

Palm Beach before going north, and Jimmie was called to join her there. He left St. Augustine with regret, for at St. Augustine was probably the undiscovered Cinderella, and in Palm Beach was Vivienne Carroll.

Now, Tolliver particularly disliked Miss Carroll, not because he knew her; but because his mother wanted him to marry her and settle down. It had originally been planned that Jimmie should run over to Nassau to meet them and escort them home, and it was because of Miss Carroll that he had not done so.

He took the train for Palm Beach, mentally protesting, but even his devotion to the unknown wearer of the slipper was forgotten at sight of his mother's guest.

She was slightly below average height, but with a figure and carriage that did not betray the fact that she stood beside other girls. She had the graces of a queen, and grave blue eyes saved her from acquiring a reputation as a flirt.

Tolliver, from the moment he took her little hand in his, was sorry that he had not gone on to Nassau, and that night when he took the slipper out of the tray of his trunk it seemed to have lost its old personality. It only suggested Vivienne.

In a short time he forgot the slipper entirely. He had awakened to a realization of the fact that he was really in love with Vivienne Carroll and that for once he and his mother were in accord on the matrimonial subject.

They were sitting on the broad piazza the next night, Vivienne opening and closing her fan nervously.

"Mr. Tolliver," she began, with an odd diffidence in her voice, "I want to ask you something."

"Even to the half of my kingdom," he quoted, with mock heroics.

"Not the half of a kingdom," she corrected, with a laugh; "the half of a pair of shoes."

"Oh? What?" stammered Tolliver, taken back.

"You have one of my shoes," she went on, "unless you've thrown it away."

"I assure you," he said, "the only lady's shoe I have is one that I found on my bed in St. Augustine. A dinky girl tried to make me believe that it had been thrown into the window across a two hundred yard court."

Vivienne laughed.

"It isn't as strong as that," she declared. "You see, you were almost in the angle of the wall and the shoe flew diagonally. I had run up from Nassau to visit with Helen Redford, and as I was leaving the next morning, I did not have time to persist in my demand for the shoe."

"How did you know I had it?" he demanded curiously.

"The maid told us who had the room," she explained.

"I'm sorry I can't give you that shoe," he said, half seriously, half in jest. "You see, I have made it one of my household gods. The only way you can gain possession is to take the household along with it. Will you, Vivienne? I loved the wearer of that little shoe until I met you; then I loved you. It was all the same, but I did not know it. Will you take the shoe back and me along with it?"

It must have been all right for Mrs. Tolliver, nee Carroll, wears as a charm a tiny gold shoe incrustated with diamonds. It was her husband's wedding gift, and she calls it her mascot.

"Fish Out of Water."

Many fish cut a much better figure out of water than we do in it, though we are accustomed to think of them as inhabitants of the water only. For instance, there is the "stare about," a kind of goby that at ebb tide walks calmly up on the sand banks erect on two huge fore-fins. With his gigantic goggle eyes he keeps a sharp lookout for crabs and such things as are left behind by the receding water.

In Holland carp are kept all winter hung up in a net and sprinkled only occasionally with water. The Indian "snake head" is quite happy even when his native pond dries up and lies torpid till the next rainy season. The flying gurnard will keep ahead of an ocean liner going at full speed and fly for many minutes in quick successive flights of 300 yards or so at a time.

The Unwashed Abyssinian.

The Abyssinian practically has little love for cleanliness. The natives live in indescribable squalor for religious reasons. To go unwashed they regard as emblematic of piety. One of their chief deities is Ishtuho, who is said to have crossed the Jordan secure from washing because of his grizzly skin.

In the morning an Abyssinian will rub his eyes with a dry cloth and then laboriously "do up his hair," in which he takes an inordinate pride. It grows so luxuriantly that he is able to sleep on a woolen pillow with perfect security. After untangling a few of its snarls he sponges the mop with melted butter and then combs it into fantastic shapes. In his love for a change he seeks to arrange his locks a new way every morning.

Considerate.

"You say," remarked the debtor, "that I am owing more money than anybody else that your firm have on their books?"

"Yes, sir," replied the collector.

"And that I am about the only person with whom they have trouble in getting their money?"

"That's what they told me."

"Young man, I like your looks and I like your manners, and I'm going to be a friend to you. I hate to have that debt hanging over my head, but for your sake I'll put up with it. If I were to pay up, the chances are ten to one that your firm would fine collections so easy that they would discharge you, and then I should never forgive myself."

PROLATE SPHEROIDS.

Why You Can't Crush an Egg Lengthwise Between the Pains.

If the fingers of the two hands are interlocked, and an egg taken lengthwise between the palms, it will be found impossible to crush it with the greatest force that can be exerted. If, however, the pressure is applied along the short axis of the egg, it can be crushed with ease.

This is directly due to the characteristic shape of the egg, which is known as a prolate spheroid. It is clear that when pressure is exerted on the two ends the tendency is to bring them to a perfect sphere. But the sphere so produced would contain a larger volume than the original spheroid; hence when the egg is compressed lengthwise there is a tendency to increase its holding capacity, and, as the shell is air tight, to produce a vacuum in its interior.

Thus the whole weight of the atmosphere—some fifteen pounds to the square inch—comes into play to prevent the change of shape and supports the egg against any attempt to crush it. Along the short axis, however, the egg can easily be crushed, as the tendency is here to diminish its capacity, and the atmospheric pressure does not come into play.

CAN COLORED HAIR.

Yellow or Red Heads or Beards Once Looked Upon as Deformities.

Yellow or red hair was anciently in England esteemed a deformity, and a red beard was especially odious and an infallible token of an evil disposition. This English prejudice possibly originated in an aversion to the red haired Danish invaders.

The common, tapestry representation of Cain and Abel, to whom red hair and beards were invariably allotted, probably for no better reason than that the color was thought ugly, intensified this feeling. The devil himself was sometimes thus represented.

Dryden, in a fit of spleen, described his publisher, Jacob Tonson, with two left legs and Indian colored hair, and in the same attack he speaks of him as "frisked tail," where red is evidently meant.

Shakespeare's reference in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" to "Cain colored hair" in later copies "beard colored," just as his "Athenian colony" in the "Comedians" becomes "Athenian" from which, indeed, it was doubtless corrupted. Hall's "Satires" speaks of—

A goodly, long, thick, Abraham colored beard.

—Liverpool Mercury.

WASHING TALLIES.

The Way They Keep Laundry Lists in the Old Days.

The washing tally, dating back to the times of Charles I., was formed of a piece of beech wood five and a half inches long, four and a half inches wide and half an inch thick and covered with lines at the back and sides.

In front the names of the different articles, such as "ruffles," "buckles," "collars," "booteases," "pillowcases," "handkerchiefs," "socks," were printed from copperplate and protected by a sheet of horn.

The tally was divided into fifteen squares, in each of which was a dial numbered from 0 to 12 and a circular brass indicator fastened by a small central pin so as to revolve. Each of these indicators was placed near its outer edge with a round hole through which one number of the dial was visible. By this very simple method the number of each article sent to the wash was easily shown, so that an accurate account could be kept.—London Standard.

An Ill Fated Expedition.

At Pointe aux Monts, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is a lighthouse the keeper of which recently turned out of the sand an old style sword bearing on its blade the date "1711." It is undoubtedly a relic of the ill fated expedition of Admiral Walker, who left England in 1711 with 14,000 men and a large fleet to take Quebec and Montreal. When he got off Seven Islands he was overtaken by a dense fog and a great storm arose. He refused to take the advice of a French pilot, and as a result the British ships were dashed to pieces on the rocks off Egg Island, and next spring 100 bodies were lying there.

Berlin and Noise.

Berlin is by far the quietest of the world's big cities. No railway engine drives may blow his whistle within its bounds, and the driver of a road vehicle with squeaking or rattling wheels is promptly apprehended and fined.

Street hawkers are forbidden to howl, bark, yell or emit other strange and startling sounds, and pianos may be played only during certain stated hours of the day.

Sweet Revenge.

Another Hannah—Have you told any one of your engagement to Mr. Sweetser? Edith—No. I haven't told a soul, except Bessie Miller, who thought he was going to ask her.—Boston Transcript.

Jarred Him.

Mrs. Henzpeck—This paper says that married women live longer than single ones. Mr. Henzpeck—Heavens, woman! Don't you think of something pleasant to talk about!

Pretty Good Sign.

"How do you know that they are not married?" "Isn't he carrying all the packages?"—Detroit Free Press.

Dead counselors are the more instructive, because they are heard with patience and reverence.—Johnson.

The Conqueror

By KEITH GORDON

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Manice looked at his watch. It was ten minutes past 4, and he was already late for an engagement. Nevertheless he dashed hastily into the big department store, determined to procure the driving gloves that he sorely needed.

The tired clerks and shining pneumatic tubes seemed to be in league to detain him, and he was strolling impatiently up and down, humbly, revelling the system that made such a thing possible, when the sight of a tall, fair girl, also waiting for things, trans-formed his feelings like the touch of a fairy wand. His impatience vanished, his engagements were forgotten. He had seen his ideal woman.

A weaker man might have failed to detect his chance in the mere passing glimpse of a flower in the crowd. So Manice, if late, in effect, said to him, "Don't you wish you knew her?" He indignantly answered, "Trust me, I shall know her!" And so the game began.

Social customs he regarded as, to many fences enclosing and dividing the field of action. Under ordinary circumstances he respected these defenses, and started them down, and he came to get away, like any other well bred individual. But the case in hand was comparable only to a cross country run, when the man who would be at the death must go over the fences, jump the ditches and stay him not for gateposts and hedges.

All of which means that Floyd Manice, usually the most dignified and conservative of men, spent the rest of the afternoon following a slim, dainty young woman at a very respectful distance and utterly without her knowledge.

At 6 p. m. he had the satisfaction of seeing her enter a smart trap at Morristown, N. J., whither she had unwittingly led him, and satisfied from her manner that she was at home, he paced the platform waiting for the train back to town and making plans with an exultant confidence born of long success.

"Going to Morristown for the summer, eh?" exclaimed his partner in some surprise when he advanced his intention a week later. "I thought you loathed New Jersey."

"Mistaken idea of yours," responded Manice, with mendacious brevity. "By the way, do you know any one there?"

Events usually moved with business-like precision when Manice started to accomplish an end. Within two weeks from the day on which he first saw his star, as he called her to himself, he was established in Morristown, waiting in stolid serenity for his long expected prize.

Events upon his horizon. "This day passed like a procession of snails, but she did not appear, and, though through the kindness of old friends he had a number of introductions, he made no effort to discover her identity. He had a strange, sweet consciousness to which the field in spite of disappointment and the deplorable southwesterly into which it was leading him—that she was surely drifting toward him and that each day brought them nearer together.

Near the end of the third week his faith was rewarded. It was on the golf links, and a ripple of peculiarly clear, frank laughter somewhere near him caused him to turn his head. She and a companion were glancing to ward him, every line of her little, graceful figure standing out gloriously against the pure background of the sky, her brown hair framing her face in bewitching disorder.

On this glimpse of her Manice lived for another week, and then his friend, Wincham Brown, descended upon him for the week's end stay. Wincham would have been welcome under any circumstances, but when he announced that a great friend of his, Betty Alston, lived in Morristown and offered to take Manice to see her the latter pressed the freedom of his bachelor quarters upon him with added fervency, wondering if by chance he was entertaining an angel unaware.

So indeed it proved.

"I think I saw you on the links the other day," Miss Alston remarked, turning to Manice after the greetings were over, and that gentleman always wondered what she said in reply. The one impression that he carried away from that evening was a convincing sense of having been projected unexpectedly into the very midst of heaven.

That impression, however, was not lasting. Time revealed that if Miss Alston was a goddess, she placed her eyes to her and following where she led.

Still he drew a sigh of relief at the thought that he had two rivals instead of one. Always in these matters there was safety in numbers.

Keeping a watchful eye upon two rivals is wearing work even for a strong man. If Manice had been fascinated by Betty Alston's face, at the end of two months it was lovelier to him than ever, for the better he knew her the more assured he became of her sweetness and womanliness. Counted by conventional standards, it was a pitifully short time that they had known each other, but he felt as if he had been aware of her through all the thirty-five years of waiting.

Thus his love, like a mighty wave, whose crest poised for a moment, must inevitably spend itself in foam, broke into words. Simple, manly words they were.

"You are the only woman in the

world for me," he concluded, the color that usually glowed under his tan noticeably absent. "From the first moment I knew it, I would have followed you to the ends of the earth to tell you this, even though I had known that you would refuse me!"

Betty Alston, her face as white as his own, turned to him with quivering lips. His earnestness frightened her. But there was Jack Winter—dear Jack with the laughing eyes and the gay smile! And yet Jack would never have followed her out of the crowd, and—

She covered her face with her hands, and Manice, pitted against fate, set his jaw grimly.

"Is there any one else?" he asked at last, and at the gentleness of his voice Betty took courage.

"You don't know how unworthy I feel," she began in a trembling voice. "You see, I don't know myself. I hate myself for it, but I really don't. If you love me like this, I ought to know, oughtn't I, whether I love you or not?"

She looked at him with the puzzled confidence of a child appealing to an elder for help in a crisis. Then suddenly the color came up over her soft, white neck, rising higher and higher until it suffused her whole face, and the eyes that had been gazing so clearly and childishly into his dropped. In that moment her heart was clearer to him than it was to herself.

"Think about it for a week, sweetheart," he whispered, and, carrying her hand to his lips for a brief moment, turned and left her.

"She loves me—she loves me, God bless her! I know it!" Manice's thoughts ran during the days that followed, and though the hours seemed endless, not once during that time did he approach her. He shrewdly suspected that his absence would do more than anything else could to reveal her heart to herself.

So sure of his answer was he that he wanted to make the day memorable to both of them. Many plans suggested themselves, but none of them seemed worthy. Then a chance remark of hers flitted across his mind, and he murmured, with enthusiasm, "The very thing, by Jove!"

She had whimsically said to him once that it was her idea of bliss to have Hagadorn, the well known organist, play the wonderful organ at St. Michael's an hour for her alone, and he decided that if Hagadorn was susceptible to the persuasive power of money she should have that pleasure.

But to his dismay he found that he was not. He did not understand the gentleman's request, and he refused the offer somewhat haughtily. It was then that Manice appealed to the man, ignoring the artist, and at the end of his brief but somewhat shamefaced explanation Hagadorn was smiling genially.

"I'll do it with pleasure," said he, holding out his hand.

"And of course you'll know just well, just the right sort of music," suggested Manice. "The sort that will—that will—"

"Yes," assented the organist. "I think I know the sort." And they parted in great good humor.

At the end of that glorious hour of wonderful music in the dim interior of St. Michael's next day Betty simply turned her hand eyes upon Manice and held out her hands. It was not until she had gazed the pose and assertion of six months of wifehood that she accused him of taking an unfair advantage.

"As if any girl could have refused such a favor!" she murmured, ruffling his hair disgracefully. "It was what the powers call claptrap."

Relics of Gold Hunters.

While plowing in his hold near Enfield recently Mr. Charles Gibson uncovered a large number of weapons, some of which were rifles of an old style, some blunderbusses, a few old time pistols and a couple of swords. All these weapons are in a fair state of preservation and are apparently of Spanish make.

According to Creek tradition, a party of adventurous Spaniards, numbering fifty-four, in the year 1684 left New Orleans on burros and went to the territory in search of gold. They secured all the precious metal they could carry, and on their way back they were beset by a band of Shawnees, near Standing Rock, eight miles east of Bufala, and a great battle followed.

The Spaniards, with the exception of two who escaped on a raft, were annihilated.

It is supposed that the weapons plowed up on Mr. Gibson's place are the ones that were used by the Spaniards mentioned above.—Kansas City Journal.

Thwarted by a Witness.

"A little dash of humor on the part of a witness will often destroy the chances of legal examinations," said a well known lawyer. "Not long ago I had a delicious and beautiful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling, no baking, simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry or Strawberry. Get a package at your grocer to-day."

"I didn't see it. I saw it at all. I said I seen it. Even the judge had to smile, and though I hammered away at him, all the effect that I had sought was lost beyond repair."—Philadelphia Record.

Nothing to Retract.

Mrs. Countess (with an injured air)—You told me before we were married that you were the highest salaried clerk in the store. Mr. Countess (equally injured)—So I am. I'm two inches and a half higher than any other salaried clerk in the whole establishment.—Chicago Tribune.

A Mean Refusal.

Mrs. Nagger—Perhaps you recall it was on a railroad train that we first met and— Mr. Nagger—Yes, but it's too late now for me to sue the company for damages.—Philadelphia Ledger.

How a Country Got Its Name.

Frenchtown, in "Antelope" county, Neb., received its name from the number of French settlers in the vicinity. The county itself received its name from a party of Platte county settlers. They were chasing a band of Indian cattle thieves across what is now Antelope county when they became so exhausted for lack of food that they could not go further. At this critical time an antelope appeared in sight and was shot, thus possibly saving the lives of the hunters. One member of this party was in the legislature that named the territory, including the scene of this incident, and the county was named Antelope at his suggestion.—Nebraska State Journal.

His Convincing Manner.

"Do you say—believe in the—aw— theory of evolution, Miss Wise—don't you all—spring from apes—don't you know?"

The beautiful girl hesitated. "I never used to," she replied finally. "Perhaps I—aw—could convince you," he suggested.

"You have already," she answered.—New York Press.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and beautiful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling, no baking, simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry or Strawberry. Get a package at your grocer to-day.

POISON IVY.

It May Be Known by Its Three Leaflets and White Berries.

Frequently a person is puzzled to know whether a vine with which he comes in contact is poison ivy or Virginia creeper. The poison ivy has three leaflets and white berries, while the creeper has five and purple berries.

The only way to prevent a bad case of poisoning from the ivy is to begin treatment as soon as the itching sensation becomes apparent. If the case is allowed to continue until the pustules break the patient is pretty well sure to suffer for a week or more. A good remedy is the extract of geraniella, which is used in time by rubbing on the affected parts every five minutes, will give relief. Sugar of lead ointment is also a standard remedy.

If a person who has touched poison ivy will wash the exposed part thoroughly with soap as soon after as possible poisoning can generally be prevented. The poisonous principle in the ivy is a corrosive essential oil which is very volatile. It is not necessary to touch the ivy in order to be poisoned. Passing near it may be sufficient, and when ivy is burned the smoke is also poisonous.

Many people are not at all sensitive to poison ivy and can handle it without fear, while to others a mere breath of it is sufficient to cause troublesome eruptions. Poison oak and poison ivy are the same thing. The plant has a peculiar way of changing its habit of growth according to local conditions.—Pittsburgh.

SUPERSTITIONS.

Things That Some People Imagine Are Signs of Bad Luck.

Some people otherwise sensible will draw back rather than walk under a ladder. Even strongminded women hesitate to show their contempt of this superstition when they hear that it prevents the single from marrying for that year and to the married it betokens death. The Dutch hold that it was a sign that you would be hanged because of the important part which a ladder used formerly to play in the last act of the law. A Scotch tradition holds it lucky to wish when going under a ladder.

To miss the mouth in eating and drop one's victuals is a sign of approaching sickness. Every time one turns a loaf upside down a ship is wrecked. On this the Dutch say, "If a loaf lies topsy turvy it is not good." Scots in "The Tales of a Grandfather" says, "Never turn a loaf in the presence of a Monteth." Hazlet in his "English Proverbs" quotes, "Are these traditions at the table that the loaf is turned the wrong side upward?"

That ill fortune attended the spilling of salt is an idea arising from the belief of the ancients that salt was incorruptible. It was therefore made the symbol of friendship, and if it fell usually the ancients thought their friendship would not be of long duration. In Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" the betrayer is represented in the act of spilling salt.

Traits of Apes.

It has been observed that if the tame dog is taken back to the wild state he loses his voice. These "sounding voices" are produced in the animal's throat in a way similar to human language, but are not "voices" proper for "languages" proper, and yet they are full of psychological expression and reveal the animal's psychic states. If we flick a chimpanzee in the armpit the touch produces a grin on the face similar to that of a man under like circumstances. He also emits laughter-like sounds. The same is the case with the orang outang. The gorilla kills the brow when angry, just like men.

We often observe in apes a complete change in the facial muscles when something is going to happen, be it agreeable or disagreeable. It is so also with the child. In apes there is evidently the same connection between the facial muscles and vocal muscles as in man.

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"You have already," she answered.—New York Press.

Nothing to Retract.

A PERSIAN TRAGEDY.

Salome's Courage by Which Princess Salome Escaped Her Master.

James Baker, a well known traveler and writer, tells a curious story of a war 100 years ago. The Persian Shah was besieging Tiflis, and the husband of the Princess Salome had been slain in the siege. When the Persians entered and sacked the town Salome tried to save her young son, but he was torn from her arms and backed in pieces before her eyes. Her own life was spared and she was borne to the camp outside the walls of Tiflis to the Shah. He held her to Djarfar Bek, who shut her up in a castle—a part of which still remains—near where now is the lovely tropical botanical garden of Tiflis. Charmed by her beauty, he asked her to become his wife. She refused and begged her purchaser to slay her. T' Persian gave her a night to reconsider the matter and on the next day lay on his back on a great cushion under a tree on that hot, sunny hillside and awaited her answer. Presently she appeared before him, veiled in a long pure white robe, calm and stately, her face deathly pale. She advanced, her armed followers following her. The Persian waved his followers aside and asked the princess, "You consent to be my wife?" "Yes," was the solemn answer. "I consent to love you, for after the death of my husband and son it is my destiny; there is no other fate for me."

"In Georgia," said the princess, "there are certain families that possess strange powers and dark secrets. My mother foretold I should be the wife of a Djarfar, and from my mother I too receive these powers to read the future." The Persian was impressed by her manner and her presence. She showed her power. "Give me your hand," she said. "Let me read there if I shall have long years of happiness with you." He held forth his hand. She held it until it slightly trembled in her fingers. Then she burst forth with a cry of horror. "Oh, my master, knowest thou that death awaits thee, perchance this very night?" Djarfar Bek trembled now. "Thou wilt die by the hand of a man thou hast this day befriended." "Is it by Asa Dhoula Bek?" he asked. "We quarreled today, and about you. He would have bought you." "Oh, my master," exclaimed Salome, "to save thee I must have some object upon which he has looked today, then I can avert this evil and make his arms useless against thee." "What! Thou canst do this?" exclaimed Djarfar incredulously. "Most certainly. Give me your dagger." He drew it and handed it to her. She held it up and, looking up to the blue heavens above, murmured a prayer; then, handing it back to him said, "Now it is useless. It can slay no one." He looked at her unbelievably. "Try it," she exclaimed. "Strike here!" He struck the blow where her finger rested full upon her heart. The keen blade went swiftly home, and she fell at his feet, exclaiming, "O God, receive my soul!" Then she lay dead.

WHY NOT BOTH HANDED?

Sailors and Mechanics Use Their Left Hands—Can You?

Most people are not right handed to the extent generally implied. Pianists and to a greater extent violinists give as difficult work to the left hand as to the right. Most violinists can play at any rate and catch a ball pretty much as well with one hand as with the other. In the gymnasium, even in fencing and single sticks, either hand is practiced. In boxing the left is the more used, though this may be due to the co-ordinate use of the right leg. Generally speaking, when the two hands are used simultaneously the right has no excessive mastery. Right handedness is a matter of degree with different people. Most surgeons are a good deal better with the left hand than men of other professions, and a great many of them bear personal witness to the benefit they owe to their ambidexterity.

We may perhaps at once grant that almost every one would be the better for a little more control over his left arm and fingers. Let any one attempt to write a sentence with his left hand, and he will feel some sort of shame for the impotence of his will over his members. The Japanese, approach more nearly than any other nation to the ideal of ambidexterity, and it is a fair inference that they owe to the training of their left hand some part of the mechanical and perhaps artistic skill for which they are becoming famous. The left hand is practiced considerably in the education of our sailors, and it may be their "handiness," is partly the result of this training. On the whole, the educated classes are pitifully helpless in the common demands of manual work.—Saturday Review.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

How a Man May Tell if He Is Smoker.

A correspondent wishes to know what constitutes the excessive use of tobacco. It sounds a very simple question, but it is nevertheless distinctly hard to answer. In the case of alcohol it is easy to define the point where excess begins. But, there is this difference, as the writer points out, between the abuse of alcohol and the abuse of tobacco—that a man often drinks to excess because the more he takes the more he wants; the sensation becoming more attractive with every glass. With tobacco, on the other hand, the effects of a pipe too many are so painful to the tongue and so unpleasant generally that the smoker stops as a rule just before that point. The smoker thinks he is smoking to excess when he finds the process physically unpleasant. Doctors look more deeply into the matter. Like most other affairs of health, the matter resolves itself probably into a question of how much each individual constitution can endure. What would be excessive in one man is harmless in another. These things are best left to common sense. There is, however, one test which is as nearly as possible infallible. If the smoker can leave off smoking any for a day or two days at will he may comfort himself with the reflection that he is not too greatly devoted to his pipe.—London Globe.

Wanted

Men and women in this county and adjoining territories to represent and advertise an old established house of solid financial standing. Salary to men \$21 weekly, to women \$12 to \$18 weekly with expenses advanced each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Horse and buggy furnished when necessary; position permanent. Address: Biew Bros. & Co., Dept. A, Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 89-46-67.

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4% and 5 percent interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential. F. Armstrong Peavey, Mortgage Broker, 1080 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lowest Rates to St. Louis and Return via the Nickel Plate Road. Stopover allowed at Chicago on all World's Fair tickets, and at Cleveland on all except the coach excursion tickets. For particulars see local ticket agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 281 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. G. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Dr. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY
Pleasant to take, Powerful to cure, And Welcomes in every Home.
KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE.
Is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and weakness regular to women. Successful for 30 years. Prepared by DR. D. KENNEDY'S SONS, Rochester, N. Y. \$1.00 all druggists. Six bottles \$5.00.

LION BRAND SHIRTS

are the dressiest, best fitting (and guaranteed) non-fading \$1.00 & \$1.50 shirts made, and yet we offer, for 2 weeks, a small quantity of these same soft bosom, negligee shirts at

75c each

or 3 for \$2.00. The best patterns go to the first comer.

Wm. Monheimer.

HOLD ON!

Never give up when in sight of a light house. It's pipe has sprung a leak, don't think you'll be drowned but tell us quickly and we will come at once to the rescue. We will be to you in the

Plumbing Line

what the Light House is to the sailor. Our work and materials are to our business what B.O.Y.S. are to a harbor. They save goods and prevent danger. Our work boozes you up with hope and doesn't do much damage to your bank account.

EDGAR W. STRONG, BOTH PHONES, RUBIN BLOCK, Smethport.

Ordinance No. 64.

AN ORDINANCE PERMITTING THE ORMSBY GAS COMPANY TO OCCUPY EAST NELSON AND WATER STREETS FOR THE PURPOSE OF LAYING GAS MAINS AND PRESCRIBING THE REGULATIONS THEREFOR.

Be it ordained by the borough council of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and it is hereby ordained by the authority of the same: SECTION 1. It shall be lawful for the ORMSBY GAS COMPANY, its successors and assigns to occupy East street from the east line of said borough to its junction with Water street and Water street for its entire length and Nelson street from Water street on the north to Bank street on the south, for the purpose of laying gas mains for the transportation of natural gas in said borough for manufacturing purposes. Said gas mains shall be laid not less than three feet under the surface of the ground and shall be laid so to do no damage nor cause obstruction to crossings or sewers, and in all respects shall be subject to the regulation and requirements contained in Ordinance No. 62 of said borough of Smethport. Passed this 25th day of Oct., A. D. 1904.

W. A. GORDON, President of Council.

Attest: LENA HYDE, Secretary.

Approved this 25th day of Oct., A. D. 1904 CHAS. MCKEAN, Burgess.

Palmer & Vickery
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE, Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc., Cutlery and Hobbs. Smethport - Penn. March 8, 1905.

God Save the Commonwealth. ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

PURSUANT TO AN ACT OF GENERAL Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to regulate the nomination and election of public officers, requiring certain expenses incident thereto to be paid by the several counties, and punishing certain offenses in regard to such elections," approved the 10th day of June, A. D. 1894, (and its several amendments), I, CHAS. E. MAY, High Sheriff, of the county of McKean, do hereby make known and proclaim to the qualified electors of McKean county, that a general election will be held in the said county of McKean on TUESDAY, the 8th day of November, A. D. 1904 (being the Tuesday next following the FIRST MONDAY of said month) for the purpose of electing the following officers, to-wit:

- One person for President of the United States.
- One person for Vice President of the United States.
- One person for Judge of the Supreme Court.
- One person for Representative in Congress.
- One person for Senator in the General Assembly.
- Two persons for Representatives in the General Assembly.
- One person for County Treasurer.
- One person for Coroner.
- One person for Select Council, First Ward, City of Bradford.

THE FOLLOWING IS INSTRUCTIONS TO VOTERS.

1. TO VOTE A STRAIGHT PARTY TICKET, MARK A CROSS (X) IN THE SQUARE, IN THE FIRST COLUMN, OPPOSITE THE NAME OF THE PARTY OF YOUR CHOICE.

A CROSS MARK IN THE SQUARE OPPOSITE THE NAME OF ANY CANDIDATE INDICATES A VOTE FOR THAT CANDIDATE. A CROSS MARK IN SQUARE OPPOSITE THE NAME OF PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE IS A VOTE FOR ALL ELECTIONS OF THAT PARTY, BUT FOR NO OTHER CANDIDATES.

I also make known and give notice that the following is a correct list of the nominations for the respective offices above recited, namely:

For President and Vice President of the United States.

ROOSEVELT AND FAIRBANKS, REPUBLICAN.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

- (Mark X)
- Robert Pitcairn.
- Levi G. McCauley.
- George J. Elliott.
- Joseph E. Welch.
- Robert D. H. Brock.
- John E. Reymann.
- Kennedy Croshaw.
- Edward W. Patton.
- John Taylor Wolfenden.
- Joseph Bosler.
- James D. Landis.
- Frederic W. Flatts.
- Frederick Johnson.
- Walter J. Whitcomb.
- Charles D. Worley.
- John H. Brown.
- Edward G. Schieffelin.
- William C. McConnell.
- W. Scott Alexander.
- John Hays.
- William Lander.
- George L. Dierdorf.
- James O'Leary Brookbank.
- John H. Nugley.
- Isiah Good.
- William S. Parker.
- John C. Sturgess.
- Archibald Johnston.
- J. Frank Graft.
- J. C. Millin.
- Charles W. Dahlinger.
- Albert P. Sandberg.
- W. McLeod Holmes.
- William McCoway.

PARKER AND DAVIS, DEMOCRATIC.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

- (Mark X)
- Robert Wilson Irwin.
- Stanley Woodard Davenport.
- Harry Nicholas.
- Joseph Reeves Walnwright.
- John M. Campbell.
- James M. Stewart.
- H. Maxwell Rowland.
- Moses Yeale.
- Emil Hall.
- Benjamin Sterling Johnson.
- William Hayes Grier.
- William Craig.
- John McGahran.
- Chas. F. King.
- Alvin Clouser.
- John Sullivan.
- John B. Coulton.
- Alphonsus Walsh.
- Samuel S. Hawbecker.
- Robert E. Weidner.
- Lucian D. Woodruff.
- Nevin M. Wanner.
- Timothy E. Costello.
- William T. Meehling.
- Rockwell Marietta.
- Charles H. Akens.
- James P. Colter.
- M. Frank Coolbaugh.
- Alfred W. Smiley.
- S. E. Walker.
- Henry Meyer.
- Thomas B. Foley.
- George Heard.
- Charles B. Payne.

SWALLOW AND CARROLL, PROHIBITION.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

- (Mark X)
- Robert T. Ames.
- Daniel G. Hendricks.
- A. Foster Mullin.
- Edward B. Cooper.
- Edward R. Steinmetz.
- Charles Reading Jones.
- Samuel Christian.
- Lewis Lincoln Stevenson.
- Charles Palmer.
- Howard Leopold.
- H. D. Patton.
- William W. Lathrop.
- William Benjamin Bertels.
- Harry Albert Reber.
- William M. Stauffer.
- Charles W. Hathaway.
- James Munch.
- E. Dodd Cannon.
- Jeremiah Sowers Tanker.
- John D. Graybill.
- Daniel Elow.
- John Henry Becker.
- Eliza Kent Kane.
- Berwin R. Worrell.
- William Simpson Throckmorton.
- Capit M. S. Marcuts.
- George W. Fellows.
- Edward Everett Dixon.
- John B. Bair.
- Henry C. Cookman.
- Thomas P. Herahberger.
- J. P. Knox.
- J. J. Porter.
- Matthew H. Stevenson.

DESS AND HARTFORD, SOCIALIST.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

- (Mark X)
- Edward J. Cook.

- Henry Peter.
- John A. Holmes.
- William D. Utman.
- Thomas J. Frederick.
- Andrew F. Bower.
- Elwood W. Luffler.
- Robert B. Ridgier.
- John H. Nace.
- Alfred Chataleia.
- Edward Evans.
- Bernard V. Kennedy.
- William H. Keavin.
- Walter Nelson Lodge.
- Peter O. Heydrick.
- David A. Palmer.
- Conrad J. Schuchette.
- Arthur J. Dennis.
- Frank R. Field.
- William A. Strump.
- John D. Ordill.
- Elmer H. Young.
- John A. Strupis.
- Patrick Smith.
- Edward Kuppinger.
- Walter W. Bihl.
- Julius Weber.
- Paul B. Weath.
- Christian Smith.
- Frederick W. Skorsena.
- Herman Lemke.
- Adolphus A. McKee.
- Harvey W. Shay.
- Franklin J. Rogers.

CORREGAN AND COO, SOCIALIST LABOR.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

- (Mark X)
- Edmund Seidel.
- Charles Durner.
- James Edwin.
- Duifel Reider.
- Albert Gay.
- James Ryan.
- William Knittel.
- James Ray.
- George Axton.
- Peter Flainger.
- Louis Katz.
- Silas Hinkel.
- David Wimmer.
- John Bach.
- Horizon Spital.
- L. Cunningham.
- J. F. (August) Welch.
- C. Schleicher.
- J. Davis.
- A. Black.
- Joseph Mallon.
- E. R. Marley.
- John A. Barron.
- John Kien.
- Jurkin James.
- Harry Jenkins.
- G. A. Brown.
- Aug. Clever.
- P. G. Teson.

PARKER AND DAVIS, INDEPENDENCE.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

- (Mark X)
- Robert Wilson Irwin.
- Stanley Woodard Davenport.
- Harry Nicholas.
- Joseph Reeves Walnwright.
- John M. Campbell.
- James M. Stewart.
- H. Maxwell Rowland.
- Moses Yeale.
- Emil Hall.
- Benjamin Sterling Johnson.
- William Hayes Grier.
- William Craig.
- John McGahran.
- Chas. F. King.
- Alvin Clouser.
- John Sullivan.
- John B. Coulton.
- Alphonsus Walsh.
- Samuel S. Hawbecker.
- Robert E. Weidner.
- Lucian D. Woodruff.
- Nevin M. Wanner.
- Timothy E. Costello.
- William T. Meehling.
- Rockwell Marietta.
- Charles H. Akens.
- James P. Colter.
- M. Frank Coolbaugh.
- Alfred W. Smiley.
- S. E. Walker.
- Henry Meyer.
- Thomas B. Foley.
- George Heard.
- Charles B. Payne.

JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

(Mark One)

- John P. Elkin, Republican.
- Samuel Gustine Thompson, Independence.
- A. A. Stevens, Prohibition.
- George W. Bacon, Socialist.
- Archibald A. Grant, Socialist Labor.

REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS.

(Mark One)

- Solomon B. Dresser, Republican.
- Charles W. Shaffer, Democratic.
- Samuel C. Watts, Prohibition.
- James D. Blair, Socialist.

SENATOR IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

(Mark One)

- Myron Matson, Republican.
- Charles L. Puck, Democratic.

REPRESENTATIVE IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

(Mark Two)

- John W. Campbell, Republican.
- Joseph M. McCoy, Republican.
- Guarant A. Korney, Democratic.
- L. B. Reed, Prohibition.
- Paul E. Lyon, Prohibition.
- James M. Barr, Socialist.
- E. A. Esler, Socialist.

COUNTY TREASURER.

(Mark One)

- S. D. Weaver, Republican.
- William F. Potter, Democratic.
- L. W. Howden, Prohibition.
- John B. Stark, Socialist.

CORONER.

(Mark One)

- B. H. Hall, Republican.
- Joseph H. Robison, Democratic.
- H. A. Place, Prohibition.
- George A. Rivers, Socialist.

I also make known and give notice that there will be an election in the First Ward of the City of Bradford for the purpose of electing a Select Councilman from said Ward, and the following is the nomination for said office:

SELECT COUNCIL, FIRST WARD.

CITY OF BRADFORD.

(Mark One)

- Frank P. Holley, Democratic.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid general election in the several townships, boroughs and wards within the county of McKean, are as follows, to-wit:

BRADFORD CITY.

- First ward, First district—At Armory Hall, Corydon street.
- First ward, Second district—G. J. Lane's building on Boylston street, near Pine.
- Second ward, First District—In the basement of the New Universalist Church, at the corner of Washington and Corydon streets.
- Second ward, Second district—At Edgett's barn.

BRADFORD TOWNSHIP.

- First district—The first floor of a new building owned by E. D. Tonne, across the highway from said Tonne's residence.
- Second district—At a building near the school house, known as the Thomas Conover school house, Warren No. 378, on road leading up Sugar Creek to Marburg, near the residence of E. N. Holmes.
- The borough of Eldred at new house, Eldon street.
- The township of Eldred at a new building on the Harden brook road.

POSTER TOWNSHIP.

- First district—The lower floor of the A. O. U. W. hall, at Derrick City, in said district.
- Second district—In the A. P. Corwin building at Derrick Centre.

HAMLIN TOWNSHIP.

- First District—The Opera House Building on the south side of the Main Road, in the Village of Hamlet.
- Second district—At Lantz's store.
- Third district—The room used as a reading room on the ground floor of the "Reading Room Building" in the village of Kishwaukee.
- The borough of Mt. Jewett—The west room of the second floor of the city building on the west side of Railroad street in said borough.

HAMILTON TOWNSHIP.

- First district—At the school house in Ludlow.
- Second district—The ground floor of Macalene hall situated at Hamlet.

KEATING TOWNSHIP.

- First District—Geo. Howe's Hall, being in the second story of said hall, situated on the South side of the public Highway leading through East Smethport, in the rear of said Howe's blacksmith shop.
- Second district—At new building, of J. C. Stull, at Farmers Valley.
- Third district—In the village of Simpson, in said district, in the building known as the "Ancient Order United Workmen's hall."

KANE BOROUGH.

- First Ward—The new hose house in the alley in the rear of No. 31 Park Avenue in said Ward of Kane.
- Second Ward—The City or Municipal Building, situated at the corner of Chase and Bayard streets.
- Third Ward—The lower floor of a brick room of the Mountain Hose Company building on Middle street in said Ward.
- Fourth Ward—The building of the Kane Hose Company, No. 8, 10 said Ward.

LAFAYETTE TOWNSHIP.

- First district—In the south room on the first floor of the Old Fellows building at Mt. Alto, in said district.
- Second district—The Hose House on the south side of the Main Road in the Village of Lewis Run.
- Third district—The building of Mrs. E. C. Tenny in the Village of Lafayette on the north side of the highway 40 rods east of said Tenny building.
- Fourth district—The rear of the store building of Elvira E. Knox, in the village of Olive.
- Fifth district—In said Township of Lafayette, the Township of Liberty in a building near the grocery store of E. Dudley at a point on the Smethport road about 30 rods northwest from the bridge crossing the river from the borough of Port Allegany.
- The borough of Port Allegany, second story of public building.

NORWICH TOWNSHIP.

- First district—Norwich township hall.
- Second district—At a building erected by the Commissioners at Garfield.

OTTO TOWNSHIP.

- First district—In the building known as "Union Hall" in the village of Duane Centre in said district.
- Second District—The K. O. T. M. Hall, situated on the north side of the Main street in the Village of Bradford in said Township of Otto.
- The borough of Smethport in southern corner of basement of Court House.

WETMORE TOWNSHIP.

- The Old School House on the North Side of the Wilcox Road at East Kane, opposite John Nelson's store.

SEARGEANT TOWNSHIP.

- First District—The newly erected Town Hall situated at Glenmont.
- Second district—The building of Penn Chemical Company at Litchburg.
- Polls to be open at 7 o'clock a. m. and to be closed at 7 o'clock p. m.

I also make known and give notice that every person, excepting justices of the peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the government of the United States or of this State or of any city or incorporated district whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent, who is or shall be employed under the Legislature, Executive or Judiciary department of this State or of the United States or of any city or incorporated district, and that every member of Congress and of the State Legislature and of the Select or Common Council of any city or County Commissioners of any incorporated district is, by law, incapable of holding or exercising at the same time the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any election of this Commonwealth, and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for, except that of an election officer.

Given under my hand this 25th day of October, A. D. 1904.

CHAS. E. MAY, Sheriff.

side of Washington street a little west of Center street, both to be provided by County.

Fourth ward—Land of New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company.

Fifth ward—Robert's tank shop on Main street.

Sixth ward—The room formerly used for the Post Office in said Sixth Ward, located at N. 30 East Main street, and known as the "McKean Building" in said Sixth Ward of said City of Bradford.

BRADFORD TOWNSHIP.

- First district—At Jewett Hall, Custer City.
- Second district—A point at or near the cross roads near Jewett's chemical works, on lands of W. H. Emery, in a suitable building, erected by the county commissioners.
- The township of Corcor at the Corcor village school house.

CORYDON TOWNSHIP.

- First district—The first floor of a new building owned by E. D. Tonne, across the highway from said Tonne's residence.
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